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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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Vol. 25, No. 1



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DREAMS CAN COME TRUE

EVERY ambitious author, composer, and artist will be heartened by the Ray Lawler story.

Lawler wrote at least half a dozen plays which didn't spell his name in lights anywhere and didn't earn him even tram fares.

Then he wrote "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," and with it came spectacular success.

Success in Australia and London. A season on Broadway at the end of the year. And now an £80,000 cheque for the rights to turn "The Doll" into a film.

From unnoticed and not particularly hopeful beginnings, and in an incredibly short time, Ray Lawler's name is now in lights before the theatrical world, and he has made what even a pessimist would regard as a small fortune.

Incidentally, when Lawler first began to write his play he had one eye on the box-office. He found that inspiration wouldn't come that way, so he "wrote to please himself."

This is the story with a happy ending that, in fiction, is too good to be true—but that once in a while happens in real life.

Certainly those who seek this pot of gold need Lawler's basic ingredients—talent and determination. He wrote a brilliant play. It made a smash hit. Looking back, it seems as simple as that.

It isn't, of course, so simple. But many a hand will turn back to the typewriter and the paintbrush with renewed hope.

Our cover

● Nola Rose, one of the mannequins who will appear in our Irish Fashion Parades, wears a Sybil Connolly dinner gown. The parades begin at David Jones Ltd. on August 10.

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WINNER OF PORTRAIT PRIZE DIES AT 49

Artist Charles Doutney, who died last month at the age of 49, spent the last years of his life battling to success against illness.

It was this illness, a rare blood disease, which he contracted after wartime service with the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea, that had caused him to turn to art as a full-time career.

Last year he won The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize and the prizemoney of £1500 helped to ease the struggle which his wife, Yvonne, had shared with him during his years as an artist.

They were able to build a comfortable home at Banksia, New South Wales. With their children, Charles, 15, and Irene, 9, they had just moved into this house from a cramped flat at Potts Point when illness sent Mr. Doutney back to hospital.

When, after war service, illness prevented Mr. Doutney from returning to work as a paymaster with a wool firm, he decided to study art under the Commonwealth Rehabilitation Training Scheme.

While studying, he founded the Strath Art Group, organ-



CHARLES DOUTNEY

ised its outdoor exhibitions in Hyde Park, Sydney, and began painting the scenes which made him famous.

Too ill to finish the course, he continued painting, supporting his wife and family on a T.P.I. pension of £9/15/- a week.

Despite odds, he won the 1952 Sulman Prize, and had paintings accepted by the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., the National Gallery of Victoria, and the Art Gallery of Western Australia.

When closing date came round for entries in our Por-

trait Prize last year, Charles Doutney, almost too weak to hold a brush, despaired of finishing his painting, "Dita."

Help from his specialist and the encouragement of his wife enabled him to complete his task. After the announcement of his win, he said:

"I know that if the woman you are with doesn't have faith in you, you are lost. Yvonne—my wife—has that faith."

Until they moved into the new house this year, Charles Doutney had painted under artificial light in a one-bedroom flat. In the new house he was able to store his equipment on a glassed-in verandah, and to paint at an upstairs terrace in natural daylight.

He was working on a portrait for our competition this year, and another for the Archibald Prize, when he became too ill to continue.

His artistic talent seems to have been inherited by his daughter, Irene, who recently won an interstate prize for paintings by children.

ALL THE QUEEN'S HORSES CAN'T HOLD ANN



ATTRACTIVE Ann Kidman, a South Australian, who has worked for three years as groom to the Queen's horses at the Boyd-Rochfort stables, Newmarket, England, exercises Tempest, the temperamental thoroughbred owned by Elizabeth Arden.

● Slim, blue-eyed Australian Ann Kidman, who has been groom to all the Queen's horses since she went as a stablehand to the famous Boyd-Rochfort stables at Newmarket three years ago, plans to leave her job and return home.

HER decision follows the visit to England this year of her father, Mr. Rex Kidman, of Lower Lights, South Australia, who asked her to return to help him on his property, where there is a small stud.

"I'm looking forward to working there," said pretty 24-year-old Ann. "I plan to go back before the next racing season. We are too busy for me to leave yet."

Highlight of Ann's three years at the stables has been her association with the Queen.

"It is such a thrill when the Queen's horses win. I love to watch her excitement during the race and her great pleasure after," said Ann.

"I'm never in the stands, of course, because I have to be round the stables in slacks and a bush shirt. But I see every race."

"The nicest part, however, is when the Queen comes to Newmarket to see her horses. She creates such a wonderful and informal atmosphere."

Ann says the Queen is very clever with horses—and Ann should be a good judge, for she is in charge of one of the most temperamental thoroughbreds in the stables.

This horse is Tempest, owned by American beauty expert Elizabeth Arden. He is botheaded and can turn the Saddling Paddock into a

battleground, as he did at Epsom, or kick his iron-lined stall till the iron rivets fly out, as he did just before these pictures were taken.

When Tempest is with Ann he suddenly becomes docile. "He doesn't seem able to stand the sight of a man," she said.

But she thinks the real secret of her success with

By
Anne Matheson,
of our London staff

Tempest is the knowledge of horses she picked up from her father in Australia.

"I was only a child when I left Australia, and have only a vague recollection of it, but I can remember everything about our horses and have the happiest memories of learning all about them from my father. I suppose that's why I didn't hesitate when he asked me to go back to work with him," she said.

Ann does not think she is related to Sir Sydney Kidman, the cattle king.

At one stage her father worked on Sir Sydney's property, but though they went into family history to see if there was any relationship, none was established. Later Rex Kidman left and bought a property of his own.

Ann, who has a particularly lovely skin and thick, dark brown hair, has picked up

quite a few beauty hints from Tempest's famous owner, but uses only lipstick herself.

She has a large make-up box. "But it's strictly for the horses," she said with a laugh.

Before being photographed, Tempest was given the full beauty treatment. As he had cut himself on the iron rivets in his stall, his wounds were washed and sprayed with healing ointment.

"Just a touch of mascara here and there, and you'll never see those ugly scars," said Ann, getting to work on her charge.

Few liniments are used on Elizabeth Arden's horse, for no amount of beauty treatment and grooming is too extravagant, and 10-dollar (£4/10/-) jars of skin cream are sent to the stables in abundant supply for Tempest.

"This is all right," said Ann, "but I think what is good enough for the Queen's horse is good enough for Tempest. And I've hosed Doutele down after the colt's win at Lingfield Park, with the Queen standing beside me, and groomed him till he shone for the Derby. And that is the grooming Tempest normally gets, too."

Before Ann leaves for Australia she would like to meet the Queen "at a garden party or somewhere formal."

For the stablehand with the wardrobe of impeccably tailored slacks and shirts wants to wear a pretty dress "just once, for the Queen."



NINE GIRL GROOMS are employed at the Boyd-Rochfort stables, where class horses belonging to many world-famous people have been trained. Here some of the girls help Frank Holmes to clean up the stables. At right is Ann Kidman. These color pictures were taken by Alec Murray.



ANN KIDMAN, who plans to return home to Australia soon, leads Tempest from his stall at Freemasons' Lodge, Boyd-Rochfort's stables. Captain Boyd-Rochfort will be sorry to lose Ann. "There's no stablehand to touch her. She's a miracle with horses," he said.



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All their hopes go down the mine

From our London office

● Actress Vivien Leigh has lost her fight to save London's gilt-and-velvet St. James's Theatre from demolition—and the plans of the owner, financier Felix Fenston, have been ditched, too.

MILLIONAIRE Fenston wanted to pull down the theatre and build a block of offices on the site.

But Britain's National Coal Board has announced that it plans to invest millions of pounds on the site—in an office block.

The Board has told Fenston that it will take over immediately the theatre is demolished.

Fenston has not yet indicated whether he will oppose the Board's decision, although his record would indicate that he is not likely to take it calmly.

Aged 41, 5ft. 5in. tall, a square man with a beard, Fenston wears green suits, and in his luxurious office-home in Mayfair works in shirt-sleeves and scarlet braces.

He is reputed to have made about £A2,500,000 from property deals since 1945.

He was virtually unknown to the public until a month or so ago, when the voyage of Mayflower II brought him into headlines.

Following a dispute between the people running the project, Fenston said he would withdraw his support.

He claimed to have advanced £35,000 for the vessel and voyage.

Since then his name has been continuously before the public—as Vivien Leigh's opponent in her battle to save the St. James's.

Fenston, of course, could afford to put up a considerable opposition.

His income comes from his direct control of 36 companies.

His wife is half-French, half-Swiss, and they live together with their three children, born of their previous marriages.

Fenston served in the British army during the war, and lost a leg. But his tin substitute doesn't prevent him shooting tigers in India or



spearing fish in the Caribbean.

And the so-called mystery financier has a flair for publicity—he once hired an all-in wrestler to teach him how to tear telephone directories from corner to corner behind his back.

When he announced he would demolish the 122-year-old theatre, 43-year-old Vivien Leigh walked down The Strand carrying a "Save the St. James's Theatre" poster.

She wore a stunning Balmain dress of grey-and-blue silk, with a matching mob cap, but was turned away from the Savoy Hotel, where she wanted to rest.

Behind Miss Leigh cruised her chocolate-colored Bentley. She kept calling to her chauffeur, "Come along, Bernard."

Even the Communist "Daily Worker" applauded when she did that "sweet and gallant thing"—as husband Sir Laurence Olivier described her protest to the House of Lords.



VIVIEN LEIGH and millionaire financier Felix Fenston after their discussions about the future of London's St. James's Theatre, which is owned by Mr. Fenston. Sir Laurence Olivier (left) seems to be listening in. He's really peering at the nameplates on the flat where they met.

She had no right to whisper, let alone cry out from the public gallery, "My lords, I wish to protest against the St. James's Theatre being demolished."

Vivien Leigh's next target was Felix Fenston.

It was a friendly meeting, and afterwards Miss Leigh said, "Mr. Fenston loves this theatre, and that's why he has bought it. He has been completely misquoted. The theatre is not coming down."

Fenston seemed bewitched by his interviewer and could only murmur, "I can see no alternative, economically, than to build a block of offices."

He is also a theatre-lover. But it is reported that when Vivien sent him two tickets for "Titus Andronicus," in which she is playing, he declined.

However, she is certain his love for the theatre surpasses his love of finance.

Vivien Leigh made her campaign despite painful attacks of fibrosis. She approached Sir Winston Churchill for help and asked trade unionists to refuse work on the theatre.

Nothing more exciting ever happened on the stage of the St. James's than Vivien Leigh's fight for it.

The St. James's is the third-oldest playhouse in London.

It has presented the work of all the greatest English men and women of the theatre.

The relation between players and audience is more intimate than in any other London theatre. Here a wink can tell like a pistol shot.

Dickens wrote plays for the theatre—and used to make a curtain speech every night.

Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" was first presented there. Wilde angered critics by delivering his first-night speech between puffs of a cigarette.

Later, the St. James's presented Wilde's last dramatic work. W. S. Gilbert also ended his career there.

The great Henry Irving was stage manager in 1866.

Sixty years ago three drama critics who attended plays there were G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyne," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Late Christopher Bean" had their first nights there.

Gerald du Maurier, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Orson Welles, Svend Thorndike, and the Oliviers have walked its stage.

One of the biggest hits was the Shakespeare-Shaw season presented by Sir Laurence Olivier when he was actor-manager for seven years.

In recent years, Googie Withers and John McCallum have acted there. So have Ralph Richardson, Michael Redgrave, Dulcie Gray, and John Denison.

For Ruth Draper, the great American entertainer, it was almost a London home.

The greatest success of all was Terence Rattigan's "Separate Tables," starring Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman.

It filled the theatre's 950 seats for 15 months, longest run in the theatre's history.

If they begin pulling down the St. James's this month, as planned, an Australian will have the distinction of having written the theatre's last play—"It's the Geography that Counts," by Raymond Bowers, which is running there now.



STEPPING OUT in front of a banner, Sir Laurence Olivier supports his actress wife, Vivien Leigh, at the head of a procession through the rain in protest against the proposed demolition of the St. James's Theatre.

Stickybeaking de luxe



WITH A SPARKLER, Marilyn Monroe touches a plunger to explode a dynamite charge on the nearby site of the new 47-story Time and Life Building, thus opening the Rockefeller Centre Sidewalk Superintendents' Club. Three executives at right are G. S. Fynsall (Rockefeller Centre), Roy E. Larsen, and Charles L. Stillman (Time Inc.).

The practice of watching builders at work — which men with time on their hands have always found rewarding (to the mystification of their wives) — is known in the U.S. as "kibitzing" or "sidewalk superintending."

SKYSCRAPER contractors in Manhattan, and the firms that engage them, are realising that there is good public-relations value in satisfying the curiosity of kibitzers (the word, meaning a meddlesome onlooker, is from Yiddish) instead of treating them as nuisances.

There are special peepholes and viewing windows in the safety fences, loudspeakers broadcasting recorded information (in several languages) about the new building and its progress.

To cap everything, last month one contractor had Marilyn Monroe open a pavilion for a grandstand view.

The pavilion overlooks the site of the new Time and Life Building, a 47-story addition to Rockefeller Centre. It is called the Rockefeller Centre Sidewalk Superintendents' Club.

It is a canopied shelter decorated in red, white, and blue panels, with 10 wide windows, benches to rest on, and two toy cranes for watchers to show how they'd do the job if only those mugs out there on the real things would give them a go.

And there's a pretty uniformed hostess who knows all the answers.

Old-school watchers aren't altogether sold on the hostess idea.

It is undoubtedly true that the presence of pretty girls

at the opening of the Sidewalk Superintendents' Club quite drove all thought of genuine kibitzing out of the heads of most men who attended.

The roll-up included Laurance S. Rockefeller, a director of Rockefeller Centre Inc., and son of John D. Rockefeller, jun.

The story goes that some 20 years back John D. stopped to watch awhile one day and was greeted by a brusque "Move on, buddy," by a sweaty foreman.

"That's not what he said at all," club foundation member R. W. Persons told me as we waited for the opening ceremony of the new club.

"The workman who accosted Mr. Rockefeller was a

blast foreman called Shorty Miller. A blast was about to go off and Shorty spotted Mr. Rockefeller, whom he didn't know. All he said was: 'Get the hell out of here before you get killed.'"

Anyway, after that incident John D. thought it over for a few weeks, and finally sent a memo to the architects suggesting that "facilities" be provided for kibitzers.

Laurance Rockefeller, a tall, slim, greying chap with world-weary mien, watched men at work through the windows for a few minutes, then observed:

"They seem to be working harder than usual today."

He continued:

"When my father had the first club set up, a lot of men were still out of work from the depression, and he had the idea that if they didn't have jobs themselves they might at least watch those who had."

At the new club opening there were two suggestion boxes. Here are some of the suggestions:

- Hollywood producer-type chairs with "sidewalk superintendent" printed on the canvas backs.
- A ferris wheel operating directly from the clubhouse to give supers a bird's-eye view of the project.
- Telephone connections to the contractor to enable supers to tell him what to do next.
- Sidewalks that move round the site, like conveyer belts.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957

By LARRY FOLEY,
of our New York
staff



MULTI-MILLIONAIRE Laurance S. Rockefeller with hostess Marilyn Miele at the Sidewalk Superintendents' Club. He is a grandson of John D. Rockefeller and a director of the Rockefeller Centre.

- A section with comfortable armchairs plus blueprints and sharp pencils for armchair architects who might want to make changes in the buildings.
- Loudspeakers for supers to bellow at workmen.
- A knitting instructor for women watchers, or for watchers' wives.
- Light refreshments served on demand, kibitzing being such thirsty work.

The official opening ceremony by Marilyn was set for 11 a.m.

At 1.15 p.m. Mr. Rockefeller looked for the umpteenth time at his watch, said he was now 15 minutes late for a lunch appointment, shook his head wonderingly, and remarked that never in his life had he waited two and a quarter hours for anybody, and departed.

Marilyn turned up five minutes later.

Breathlessly (not because she was out of breath through

hurrying but because she always talks that way) Marilyn said she had come by helicopter from her Long Island summer house and there had been headwinds and the night before she and Arthur Miller had been celebrating their first wedding anniversary and the champagne had gone to her stomach instead of her head so she was late up and so on and all that.

Press photographers and radio interviewers promptly took Marilyn over. From the pushing and shoving by the assembled sidewalk superintendents it was evident that a choice between kibitzing men digging a hole in the ground and kibitzing Marilyn Monroe is no choice at all.

It was also evident, from the comments on such aspects as underpinnings, foundations, superstructure, general outline, proportions, and so on, that here was one piece of construction that even these experts would not fault.



"CLUBHOUSE" for kibitzers of the new Time and Life Building in New York. It has seats, flower-boxes, and plexi-glass windows.



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controlled by vaccination. In fact, your doctor can now give your child three-way protection against whooping cough, diphtheria and tetanus ... with a single injection and booster shots.

This, of course, is just one example of the progress being made against disease and sickness of all kinds. Equally heartening are the gains against such illnesses as pneumonia, epilepsy, typhoid fever and nutritional diseases.

Best of all, the outlook for greater health progress becomes brighter all the time. From Parke-Davis, and from other scientific centres the world over, you can expect many more new medicines that will help your doctor bring better health and a longer life to you and your children.

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She married adventure

Elsa Chauvel: her husband's "Man Friday"

By ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

● A woman who heard shots fired over the car in which she was travelling on her honeymoon, who once entertained two burglars to tea, and whose whole life has been an adventure says that she was meant to have a home life with 10 children.

SHE is Elsa Chauvel, grey-haired and charming, who has worked with her husband, Charles Chauvel, on all his Australian films since their marriage 30 years ago.

Mrs. Chauvel was born Elsie Wilcox in St. Kilda, Victoria, but went to South Africa at the age of four.

Her father was actor Jack Sylvaney; her mother was a Queensland country girl.

"My mother would have liked a normal home life, but with my father travelling South Africa it was impossible," said Mrs. Chauvel.

"I'm the same. Still, I knew I'd never see my adventure-loving husband if I insisted on what I wanted, so I've fitted my life to his."

She doesn't regret it. With her husband she has travelled Australia on location for films, to England, and to America.

Mrs. Chauvel, who calls herself her husband's "Man Friday," began her stage career in South Africa as Elsie Sylvaney. When she returned to

Australia she played the feminine lead in Charles Chauvel's second silent film, "Greenhide."

Six months later, on June 7, 1927, they were married in St. James' Church, King Street, Sydney.

The Chauvels' only child, 26-year-old Suzanne, believes her parents attract odd happenings.

Mrs. Chauvel agreed. "Even on our honeymoon an unknown horseman fired shots over our car as we drove through Cunningham's Gap in Queensland," she said.

Mrs. Chauvel's favorite story is perhaps about her two burglars.

"Among the articles stolen when our house at Pymble was burgled was a fur coat Charles had bought me to wear to our next film premiere," she said.



In Sydney . . .

ELSA and Charles Chauvel, with daughter Suzanne, enjoying morning coffee on the terrace of their Castlecrag home.

"Six months later the burglars were caught, but there was no sign of the coat."

"Some days later, when I answered the door-bell, two burly men standing on the doorstep announced that they were my burglars. I slammed the door shut behind me, thinking they were trying a repeat performance, but they were on bail and had come to return my fur."

"Apparently they were film fans, and were horrified to think they had burgled the home of the makers of 'Forty Thousand Horsemen.'"

"Then the maid, carrying a silver tray laden with the best china, opened the door and asked if she would serve tea. What could I do? I entertained my burglars to afternoon tea."

"Soon after our marriage we went to Hollywood," said Mrs. Chauvel. "We were young hopefuls, with a couple of cans of film under our arms, and we planned to startle the film colony. We arrived as the 'talkies' did, so our silent films were useless."

However, the Chauvels stayed on to learn about the new medium of sound. "Charles did some writing and I got a film role," said Mrs. Chauvel. "It was a struggle, but we made it."

Among the Chauvels' many star "discoveries," Mrs. Chau-

vel thinks that Robert Tudawali, aboriginal star of "Jedda," is the greatest.

"We went to see Robert," she said, "when we heard stories of his poverty. We didn't understand how he could have spent all the money he had earned."

"He explained. His relatives and those of Peggy, his wife, came to him. 'You Hop-along Cassidy now,' they said. 'You got plenty money.' So he shared it with them."

Most of "Jedda" was filmed on the Northern Territory buffalo plains.

"For a woman, heat and lack of bathing facilities are the worst aspects of this kind of life," said Mrs. Chauvel. "You see beautiful-looking billabongs with huge pink-and-white waterlilies floating on the surface, yet you can only stand in the mud at the edge for fear of the crocodiles."

Buffalo bulls were another menace in "Jedda" country. Mrs. Chauvel had one frightening experience when a bull barred the track she was travelling in a jeep.

"But," she said, "all these adventures seem very far away as we sit at home in Castlecrag and enjoy life with our daughter."

The Chauvels are now making 13 features for B.B.C. and Australian television.

. . . in the thirty years



REUNION for the Chauvels and Errol Flynn, who gave a surprise-party for them in London in 1955. They gave him his film start with "In the Wake of the Bounty."



ABOVE: Elsa Chauvel and bullock-driver David Ware ford a stream below Lamington Plateau, Qld., during the filming of "Heritage."

RIGHT: Conway Tearle was leading man for Elsa Chauvel in Pinero's play "Midchannel" in San Francisco in 1928.



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AUSSIE STARS SHINE IN HONOLULU

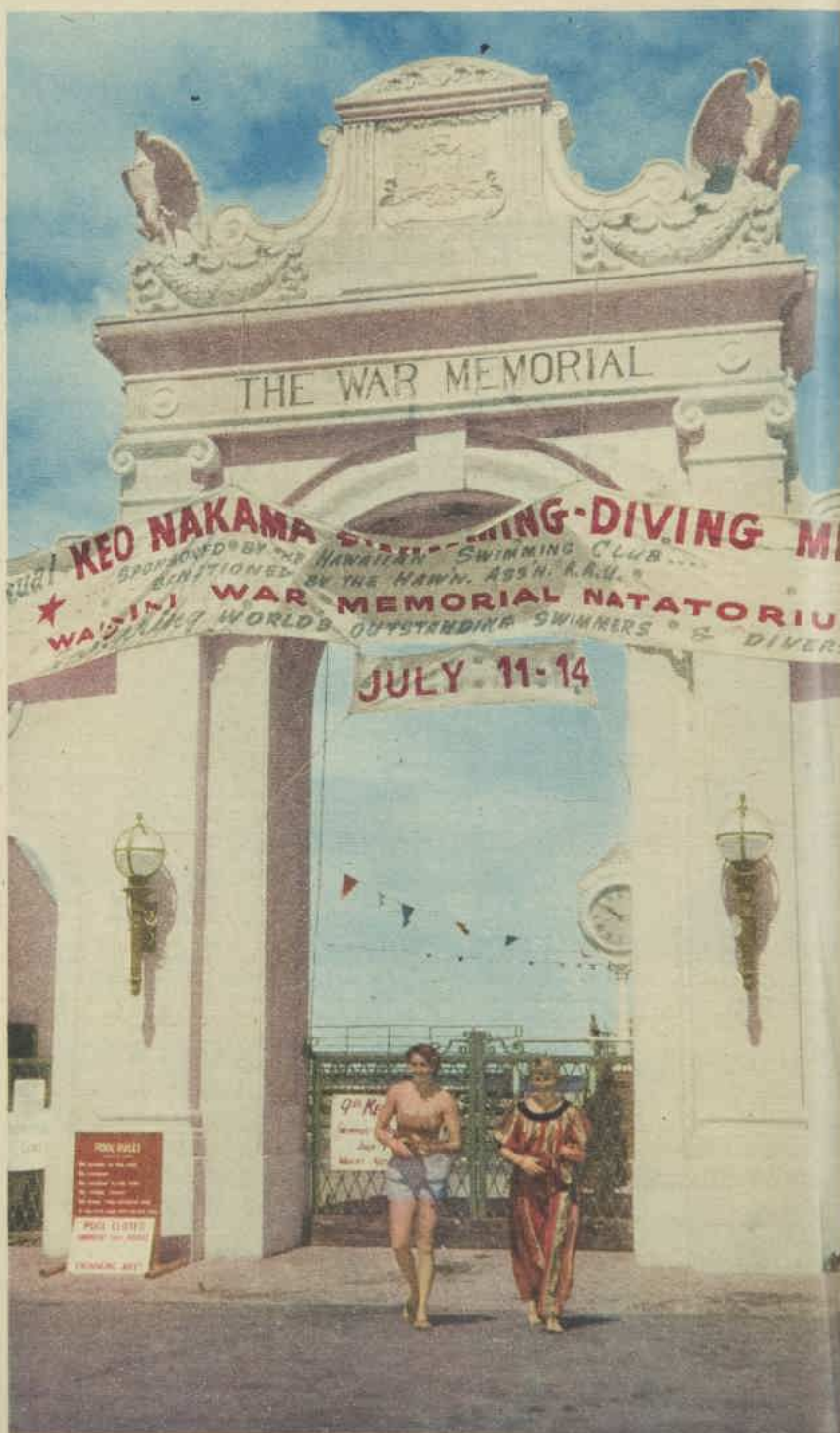
Pictures by BOB EBERT

● Australian Olympic swimming stars Dawn Fraser and Lorraine Crapp smashed four world records during Honolulu's four-day Keo Nakama swimming carnival at Waikiki.

Dawn and Lorraine, on an invitation tour of carnivals and championship meetings, are now in America. Later this month they will compete for U.S. titles in the national championships at Houston, Texas.



COLORFUL TROPHIES won by Australians Dawn Fraser (left) and Lorraine Crapp include Hawaiian monkeypod bowls and a desk-set. Because they competed in a 100-metre pool, the girls' new world records will not be officially recognised. The International Swimming Union will ratify only records set in 50-metre pools.



LEFT. During the carnival Dawn and Lorraine met Duke Kahanamoku, Hawaii's greatest Olympic swimming champion, now sheriff of Honolulu.

ABOVE. In dazzling Hawaiian dress—shorts and a muumuu—the girls leave the War Memorial Pool at Waikiki, strumming their ukuleles.



LONG VIEW from the diving platform of the 100-metre pool in which the Keo Nakama carnival contests were held. Dawn Fraser is racing to the front in the 200-metre women's freestyle. She won it in the new world record time of 2min. 17.7sec. Lorraine Crapp scratched from the event.



LEFT. Claimed to be the world's strongest man—twice Hawaiian Olympic weight-lifting champion—Tommy Kono lifts Dawn (144lb.) and Lorraine (148lb.) with the greatest of ease.

ABOVE. A kiss in Hawaiian style and another trophy for Dawn Fraser from pre-war Olympic swimmer and film star Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller after Dawn's 100-metre victory.



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*N.B. Car windows are a
Cinch with Kiwi Glint
—so is the chrome!*

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

Launched this week with V.I.P. treatment at a preview by the Australian Broadcasting Commission was a color cartoon, "Waltzing Matilda," Australia's unofficial anthem.

SCHEDULED for release on Channel 2, ABC-TV, this three-minute, 300ft. film contains 4500 drawings.

"Waltzing Matilda" is charming in its new form.

The music for the cartoon was arranged by Henry Krips, played by the South Australian Symphony Orchestra (the arrangement is for 25 pieces), and sung by the Adelaide Singers, regarded as the A.B.C.'s best singing group.

You should enjoy the finished three minutes, but probably not as much as the man who created it, Rowl Greenhalgh. Greenhalgh, now 40, has wanted to do the film ever since he was 14.

But when I spoke to him he was busy talking his way out of any limelight that might be shed by the film and saying with great emphasis that all the credit should go to the team.

"The team," I found, is made up of a lot of animators, background artists, and story adaptors.

"I suppose it was my idea," Mr. Greenhalgh conceded, "but the animators brought the characters to life.

"You could say it was done under my supervision."

For the record, the film credits list International Television Services Pty. Ltd. as the producers, Rowl Greenhalgh Productions, of Pagewood, as animators, with music by the A.B.C.

The preview of this TV cartoon really rounds out the Greenhalgh family's part in Australian entertainment.

Before soldiering in World War I (later he became a baker), Rowl's father, Jo, toured New South Wales with his own troupe of Nigger Minstrels; another relative, Arthur Greenhalgh, and his sideshows, play a very lively part in Sydney's entertainment at the Royal Agricultural Show.

"A USTRALIA'S AMATEUR HOUR" comes to TV on Channel 9, TCN at 8 p.m. on August 15 and thereafter at the same time each Thursday. This is the original amateur hour, now in its 17th year on radio. It is compered by Terry Dear and produced by Paul Jacklin.

"Amateur Hour's" TV presentation should be a real shot in the arm for this popular show because the visual medium allows acts never before presented to be starred.

For instance, on the first programme there's a child dancer, a schoolgirl contortionist, and a troupe of ballet dancers (night-club ballet, not Covent Garden type) on whom you can feast your eyes.

It will be a treat to have some actual variety in such a programme, for nothing is more tiring than a variety of singers and instrumentalists.

As you know, anything can happen on TV, and Australia's Amateur Hour on TV is actually Australia's Amateur Half-Hour. It's confusing, I know, but it's fact. Remember, in future every Thursday night from 8 to 8.30.



TERRY DEAR, comper of Australia's Amateur Hour, introduces this famous session to TV on August 15 on Channel 9, TCN, at 8 p.m.

BRIAN HENDERSON, standing in for Channel 9, TCN's Chuck Faulkner while Chuck has a holiday, is doing remarkably well as a news-reader.

He has a happy knack of reading the news clearly and

pleasantly. News makes its own headlines, and young Mr. Henderson's unemotional reading allows it to do this.

TCN has notched up two more "firsts" this week—the first telecast in Australia of a squash match and the first telecast of a snooker tournament.

The squash telecast is believed to be the first ever of the game anywhere in the world. Why? Because the four high walls of the court form a brilliantly lighted pit that makes camera work most difficult.

TCN has been jammed with requests for more and longer squash telecasts, but before they are scheduled technicians will experiment to overcome the main problem, that of making the ball more visible.

At times, when the play was very fast, the ball was most difficult to see.

The injunction "Men Only" intrigues all women, and the City Tattersall's Club £1000 snooker championship finals, direct from the Club, gave hundreds of wives, sweethearts, and girl-friends a glimpse beyond one of these notices.

Sacred to males, City Tatts staged the championships in the Settling Hall, the heart of their territory, and women viewers settled down to the telecast with that exhilarating feeling of being in forbidden places.

With a commentary by Ken Howard, the tournament was a great success.

City Tatts really treated the ladies well. They not only let all look in, but members were allowed to invite their wives, and the committee provided variety acts for female guests not interested in snooker. It was quite a party.

THERE was a minor sensation at Sydney Town Hall when Richard Lewis,



CHARACTERS from the animated version of "Waltzing Matilda." At top, the squatter, minus his thoroughbred, but ready for anything. Centre: The jolly swagman, before the troopers entered his life, and below, the jolly jumbuck, shortly to end up in the swagman's tuckerbag.

famous English tenor, gave his first TV recital. Well-turned-out ladies were astounded to see the state of the magnificent concert grand.

"It looked as if someone had covered it with polish and then left it for the dust to settle," one member of the audience said. She added that just before the concert started two young people tried to clean one corner of it with their handkerchiefs.

Inquiries at the A.B.C. revealed that the sensation was about another sensation—a substance perfected by the Commission's backroom boys to take the glitter from the grand so that it would televise without a blinding glare.

This TV goo is top secret. I'm told it is gelatinous, pliable, easy to apply, does not melt under TV lighting, does not harm the wood or the lustre of the piano.

The handkerchief-cleaning episode was the final test to see that it wasn't melting.

Mr. Lewis was the only one accommodated by the substance. First of all he put his hand on it, and then leaned on it. Each time he left the stage he had to be valeted before returning to take his bow.

Fiction Contest closing

● Have you sent in your entry in our Fiction Contest? Closing date is August 5—only a few days away—and all stories must be received by then.

THE contest has been organised in conjunction with the short-story section of the International Correspondence Schools, and prizes are:

- £50 each for the best six stories.
- £100 for the best story by author who has never had any writing published.
- £100 for the story voted best by our readers.

● Three prizes of £50, £25, and £10 each to our readers for the best comments on their choice.

Entries should bear the author's name and address (including State) on each page, and should be addressed Short Story Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. They must be accompanied by a stamped, ad-

dressed envelope for return of manuscripts.

Entries by competitors who have never had any writings published should be marked "Unpublished."

First Australian publication rights of the prize-winning stories will be retained by The Australian Women's Weekly. It also reserves the right to buy six stories, other than the prize-winners, at £25 each, and any others at the usual rate of payment under the same conditions.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

Employees of the International Correspondence Schools and of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

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in Australia. Big, full-width Frozen Food Chest. Big Meat Keeper. Special Ice Trays—ice cubes pop up! Twin Fruit and Vegetable Crispers. In fact, this year's Kelvinator models have even greater storage capacity. And, of course, the mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Choose new Kelvinator for new ideas, new convenience... more storage and greater beauty than ever before!



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BIG WASH
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a dirty spot's
not funny!



"It's enough to make you weep! A big wash done and that soup stain still showing on my best tablecloth. Just the night John's boss is coming to dinner, too!"

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Make the most

How to overcome ugly-duckling fears



EARTHA KITT has dynamic appeal. "But," asks Barbara Cartland, "is she beautiful by classic standards?"

GOOD exponents of the theory of making the most of yourself are Marlene Dietrich, whose features are anything but classical, and Diana Dors, whose figure has a dozen faults.

Yet these beauties are envied and admired because they make the best of their good points so that their defects are forgotten.

It is a pity women don't follow their lead, but the majority of women—and men—in this world seem to gloat over their own defects.

Perhaps your hair IS difficult, and even a hairdresser can't make it look really fashionable. But don't think the neighbors identify you as "the girl with the awful hair." They don't.

Mind you, if you go round insinuating that your crowning glory is to you a crown of thorns, they will eventually concentrate on that description.

Self-esteem

Yet, with a little self-esteem and justified pride, they could equally well know you as the girl with the lovely figure, the charming voice, or the sweet disposition.

People always tend to believe what they are told. Show them that you are attractive, successful, pleasant—and they will believe that as easily as they accept your moans about yourself.

Being unfair to yourself is one sort of inferiority complex, and you would do well to remember that nine out of ten people feel inferior to others at first meeting.

Never avoid parties because you think there will be people there who are better than you. They may be richer, or older, or more important, but these factors really mean nothing. You are a human being and so are they.

Many men and women I know have achieved success simply because a real defect, such as a stutter or scar, forced them to assert their talents. They realised that they would never get far while they fell into the commonplace trap of self-pity. To make the best of yourself you must stop pitying yourself. This, in the case of women, refers particularly to health.

Criminal as it may sound, there are plenty of women

who will invent ailments in order to outdo another's description of her aches and pains. People avoid them.

But the woman who cries aloud how lucky she is, who almost pinches herself to see that life is not a glorious dream, who in action and word thanks God for all the assets she has, will attract people like moths to a flame. Happiness is contagious.

Perhaps the most important asset for the ordinary woman is being able to say things that are worth saying.

By **BARBARA
CARTLAND**

"I felt such a fool; I didn't know what to say" is the too-common confession of the young girl. Too frequently a pretty girl is dubbed "beautiful but dumb," and men ask a less pretty but more interesting girl out to dinner.

It doesn't matter where the girl is tongue-tied with her employer, a would-be woman friend, or an admiring man anxious to know her, for in any case she has probably lost the chance of a better job, a more interesting social life, or even marriage.

It's an old but true saying that the art of being an attractive conversationalist is to be a good listener.

One hostess I know is

envied for her ability to chat on any subject under the sun, from the effects of atomic warfare to the price of breakfast foods.

But I have noted at her dinner table that it would be impossible to write down any sentence of more than a dozen words that she makes at any one time.

She guides, stimulates, and invigorates her guests by her sympathy and understanding.

Say what you feel as well as what you think; ask what others think and feel, but, above all, remember the maxim of all good newspapermen—keep it short.

Flattery will repel, but genuine compliments will entrance. I think the truly charming person is always a little modest about her own qualities but starry-eyed as regards her friends' abilities.

That does not mean that a "yes woman" is liked. If you know what you are talking about, say what you think. A positive personality is always admired.

Be as genuine in your accent as you are in your words. The misplaced snobbery which produces a sense of shame in talking with an accent is never found in truly great personalities.

The Scottish accent, which has the loveliest intonation of all the dialects in the English language, is an example of this. Would Sir Harry Lauder have been world-famous if



THE QUEEN MOTHER has bestowed her sweet Scottish softness of tone on her daughters. Neither beautiful nor young, the Queen Mother charms everyone who meets her by her character, youthful spirit, and sweet smile.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957

of yourself . . .

he'd been snobbish and "lost" his accent? Of course not.

Again, the Queen Mother has bestowed her sweet Scottish softness of tone on both her daughters, so that B.B.C. engineers talk about "the Royal standards of voice-testing."

A voice should be used to evoke the right response in the person to whom you are talking. It is a magic weapon—if used in the right way.

A musical, enticing voice forming words of friendliness can be a passport to new interests and acquaintances, but unfortunately they won't stop to listen if your face is expressionless.

If your face is alight with expressiveness, then its beauty will hardly matter.

Is Eartha Kitt beautiful by classic standards? Is Sir Winston Churchill's face that of an Adonis? Do you really envy those fabulous Italian film stars their dark Latin complexions and greasy hair?

But their faces exude the power of the personality behind them—Eartha's mischievousness, Churchill's tenacity, and the film stars' emotional powers.

You may not be clever or brilliant, but you are certainly not by nature a bored and boring misery. So why pretend you are by that lifeless expression? You can smile, can't you?

You'll inspire

A woman's determination to succeed benefits not only herself but the man she loves.

Two very true sayings come to mind to prove this.

The first is: "The reason why there are not more women industrialists is that women don't have wives to encourage them."

The other is: "The road to success is full of women pushing their husbands ahead."

Like many other famous men, Sir Winston Churchill has often said: "I could have done nothing without my wife."

Men instinctively know when a woman has this wonderful spiritual strength which neither money nor influence can buy. They will be attracted to her because she spells not merely someone to love but someone to worship.

And the most wonderful thing is that when men feel this about a woman, neither appearance nor age nor social assets matter.

She is Woman—beautiful and beloved at any age.

Don't be smug

The single girl's attitude to the marriage she hopes one day to enjoy, or the wife's behaviour after she has found her man, both depend on her realisation of the job she is taking on.

The successful marriage is 99 per cent, a woman's triumph, just as the unhappy or broken one is nearly always proof of HER failure.

Marriage was invented by woman, and I am always sorry to hear a charming and attractive girl say: "Well, this job doesn't matter for long. Soon I'll be married and the dogfight will be over."



MARLENE DIETRICH has won world renown for her beauty. She has achieved this by making the best of her good points, so that her defects are forgotten.

She isn't wrong to regard marriage as a better career than working in a shop or an office. But she is risking her chances of happiness by insinuating that once the wedding ring is on her finger she can sit back.

Of course, thousands of girls do just this.

I am afraid fully half the pretty young things who brighten our cities as they go to work with carefully made-up faces and attractive clothes will be transformed in a year or two into discontentedly

doing their housework looking "any old how" or rushing to the shops wearing the first thing they can lay their hands on.

They will be saying in effect: "I've hooked him. Now I needn't trouble about the bait."

It is not always too late after marriage to remedy this sorry state of affairs, but it is far easier to abolish it from the mind before Mr. Right has ever appeared.

I deprecate the theory of many a woman that you can't have the best of both worlds—that success in love means failure in practical living.

The very opposite is the truth, for the really successful woman is bound to be loved.

Love, or a capacity to love, will release the mysterious life force that is the secret of successful living.

An aim in life

Believing in ourselves is a rare talent—rare because we are so stifled by the rule of common sense that we insist on being common people.

We are not. YOU are not. You are an uncommon person capable of fantastic triumphs, of strong emotions, of amazing powers.

Set your target of perfection very high. Set it out of reach.

I doubt whether any human being has ever reached the standard of achievement that is his natural heritage. And, worse, so many don't even start on the road towards it.

Be certain these failures do not include you, for if you make the most of yourself you are much too wonderful for that.

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Jazz, classics and in-between! Read Show for the latest news about the latest classical recordings and what's tops in pops.

WHERE TO SEE

OUR IRISH FASHION

PARADES

• David Jones Ltd., Great Restaurant, Elizabeth Street store, Sydney.

Gala Premiere: August 10, tickets £3/3/- each. (Proceeds to the Old People's Welfare Fund.) Preferential bookings now open by letter. Address applications to David Jones; mark envelopes "Irish Fashion Parades."

Daily Parades: August 12 to 21, 3.30, 6.30 p.m. Bookings open July 29 at Elizabeth Street store booking bureau; 3.30 Parades, 10/6, including afternoon tea; 6.30 Parades, 7/6, including light refreshments.



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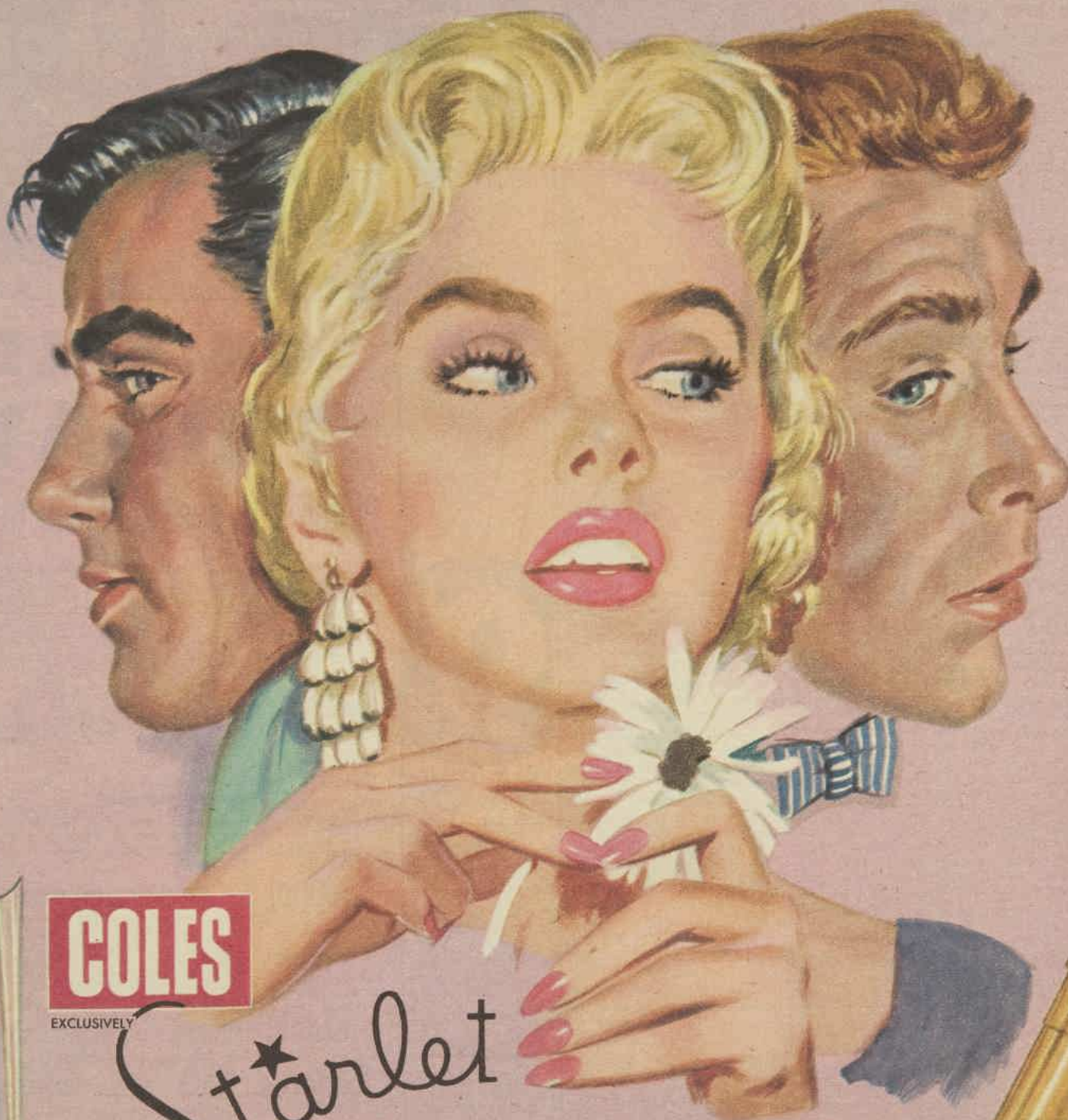
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LAW BALL. President of the Law Society, Mr. Justice Manning (second from left), and his wife (left) welcome Lady Street and the Chief Justice, Sir Kenneth Street, who were guests of honor at the annual ball held at the Trocadero. More than twelve hundred guests attended the ball.



YOUNG GUESTS at the Palm Beach Winter Ball were Elizabeth Fell (left), Ken Legge, and Annabel Hilbert. Elizabeth wore oyster colored brocade and Annabel chose garnet-red satin. All the regulars who summer each year at Palm Beach attended the ball at the Wentworth Hotel.



FIRST-NIGHTERS at the Theatre Royal for the opening of "Double Image" included Dr. and Mrs. Ken Hill. Like many other feminine members of the audience, Mrs. Hill wore a short-skirted lace dress and a cosy fur jacket.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

AUSTRALIAN girl in London, Margaret Ann Crawford, of "Nooroon," Holbrook, is in the midst of preparations for her wedding on August 20.

Eldest daughter of the Ken Crawfords, Margaret Ann will marry Squadron-Leader Tony Caillard, R.A.F., of Oldfield House, Wimbledon.

The bride will be attended by her sister Gay and Anne Scoones. Lots of people will remember meeting Anne when she was personal assistant to Lady Slim.

Gay flies home to Australia in September, and her parents will visit the newlyweds in England next year.

MOTHER and daughter shopping in town last week were Mrs. Eric Pratten, wearing a straight-cut camel-hair coat, and daughter Prue, who set off her ash-blond hair with a swinging coat of glowing tangerine wool.

MR. and Mrs. John Dent, of "Laloki," Stockinbingal, are expected home early in October after eight months' holiday in England, Europe, and America.

PRESIDENT of the French Textile Society, Mr. Ch. H. Bignon, and other leading French cotton manufacturers will fly to Australia specially for the parades of French cottons at the Trocadero on August 26 and 27. Australian manufacturers will make up the cottons and six of the dresses will be designed by our Fashion Frocks and Candy Hardy services. A gala cocktail party will follow the first parade on the 26th and five parades will be held on the following day. Proceeds will aid Legacy.

BARRISTER Michael O'Sullivan, son of Federal Attorney-General, Senator Neil O'Sullivan, and Mrs. O'Sullivan, will be married in Brisbane on August 10. Michael marries English lass Barbara Taylor, who arrives from London (with her wedding-dress packed in the luggage) on Wednesday, July 31. The young couple met while studying at Oxford University, where they both took degrees.

I LIKE the minute camera used by Mrs. Horton Browne, of "Wirruna," Young . . . it's surely one of the tiniest ever—two inches by five, dangling from a silver chain. She collected it during a recent round-the-world tour.

A DATE for your diary . . . August 12 for the Karitane ball in the Rainbow Room at Australia Hotel.



MEMBERS of the Naughty Nineties committee, Mrs. Robert Gray (left) and Mrs. Jack Cassidy discuss plans for the gala opening of our Irish Fashion parades in David Jones' Great Restaurant on August 10. The proceeds of the evening will go to the Old People's Welfare Council of N.S.W.



MEDICAL STUDENT Red Lord looks a trifle dubious as he watches Anne Meagher (left), Margaret Power, and Mollie McCarthy making a tutu for him to wear in the medical students' ballet at the St. Vincent's Hospital Centenary Ball to be held at the Trocadero on August 6.

BRIEFLY . . . Marie Dunworth is back in London again after a trip to the Continent, visiting France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Holland.

VOTED the best-dressed girl on the dance-floor at the Law Ball was Margaret McCaffrey, who wore a sweeping gown of palest-pink delustrated satin. The square neckline

formed tiny sleeves and over the right shoulder trailed full-blown pink cabbage roses.

SINCE they were lucky enough to find a flat, Jan Wilson and her fiancé, Ron Piper, have advanced their wedding to August 2 at the Presbyterian Church, Drummoyne.



ON BOARD MARIPOSA. Mrs. Ed Higgins with her six sons (from left), John, Garry, Colin, Brian, and (in front) twins Barry and Denis. With their parents the four younger boys left for the United States, where they will make their home. John and Colin will finish their schooling in Australia and then join the family in the U.S.

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RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK Home Permanent with the amazing, non-cloudy, crystal-pure Wave Lotion!

THIS wonderful Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so completely and quickly, that much more hair can be wound on each curler. As a result, you can give yourself a lovely, natural-looking perm in the latest fashionable soft styles, with only 20 curlers—half the winding time, half the arm work. And remember, there is only 10 minutes waving time with Richard Hudnut New Quick.

2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX. Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary, cloudy wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER. Whether you desire one of the latest 20-curler modern-style waves or an "all-over" perm, you will find this amazing new Richard Hudnut development will give you the most natural-looking, strongest, full-bodied, longest-lasting wave you've ever known. No more weak surface waves... they're deep down and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is *lanolised*. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

The Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent is made in two types—proved, tested formulations developed to wave any and every type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.
GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in Normal Hair.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE 13/-

RICHARD HUDNUT



Quickette

2ND CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. 9/-

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

If girls (and boys, too) were honest about the problems of love, the decisions they have to make would be easy. Try it some time. Life is much simpler.

FIRST letter this week is from a girl who really hasn't a problem at all. Here it is:

"I HAVE a difficult decision to make. I have been going with a boy for over two years. I am 19 and he is 21. We intend to become engaged either this year or next. The question has arisen as to whether we would get a car and wait until later to become engaged, or become engaged and forget about the car. I have been told that it would be better to become engaged now and leave the car until we are older and can afford it. I have been thinking seriously about this, and think it would be better to have the car now while we are young so that we can enjoy it more. Don't think it is only the car I am interested in, as I want to become engaged very much."

"Thoughtful," Qld.

I don't really know what you mean. Why can't you buy the car and become engaged, too? I take it that what you mean is that if your boy wants a car he can't buy you an engagement ring. Well, why not have an engagement without an engagement ring? People often do. If you mean that the expense of a car would necessitate your marriage being put off into the unforeseeable future, and you still hanker for the car, get it. If you'd rather have the car instead of a wedding, you really don't want to get married.

"TEN months ago my mother took in a boarder. He is the worst person I've ever put up with. Every morning he gets up at 7 and wakes up everyone else in the house. My brother, sister, and I all go to work and have to be there at 8.30. As soon as he gets up he goes into the bathroom and stops there until 8 a.m. Everyone else has to wash in the laundry, and every night before I go to bed I have to get what I want out of the bathroom to use the



A word from Debbie . . .

WHAT sort of pretty girl are you? Pretty-all-the-time, or public-pretty?

Pretty-all-the-time girls are the nice ones. They arrive at all family meals clean and tidy with their faces looking attractive; they don't only ice the cake for guests. The public-pretty girls do. They treat their family to soiled, crushed blouses, hair in naked bobby-pins. They generally have ugly habits, untidiness, and unpunctuality. Check up on yourself.

Oh, and please don't be a "Crocodoll" this spring. If you are, you're a girl who holds on to one romance while you're trying to get another.

next morning — toothbrush and other toilet needs. Another thing that makes me angry is that he insists on calling me 'Junior,' because I am the youngest member of the family. I am 17. Could you tell me what to do about these things?"

"Boarder Trouble," N.S.W.

This is a difficult situation, as apparently a boarder is a necessary financial evil in your home. I think you should talk it over with your brother and sister, and then jointly ask your mother to speak to the boarder if she possibly can.

She would then have to tell him politely that the board he pays doesn't entitle him to an early morning mortgage on the bathroom. She could perhaps suggest a bathroom roster, which seems to me the only way you could get a satisfactory arrangement from anyone as ill-mannered as he apparently is.

When I come to think of it, however, I think the situation has gone too far for this. After all, he has enjoyed this privilege for 10 months without anyone complaining. I think you and your brother and sister should ask your mother to get rid of him, if you or she can find another boarder whom she regards as satisfactory.

As for him calling you "Junior," this sort of childish

humor is hard to put up with, I know. Try not to let him see that you don't like it or he'll never give it up.

It is very hard to take any positive steps when he's a boarder in the house, as any situation you create has to be endured by the whole family. I'd once more appeal to your mother, and ask her to tell him not to call you by this nickname.

"WHERE I work there is a young girl whom I like very much. I do not know her exact age, but I think she is 20. Is it silly to like a girl older than myself? I am only 17. I have not as yet taken a girl out, and I would like to know how I could find out if she likes me. She is a very quiet, refined girl, dresses nicely, and is well-mannered, etc. She always speaks to me, and often gets me to do things for her. Is there any way that I could let her see that I like her without her thinking that I am rude or forward?"

"Youngster," Perth.

I think she knows you like her. It is a sure sign that she wants your attentions when she asks you to do things for her. I'd keep on the way you are going if I were you.

It is not a bit silly to like a girl who is older than you are. The three years that you think are between you will be neither here nor there later.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

WITH the release of the soundtrack of "Silk Stockings" on MGM-02-7522, chalk up yet another bull's-eye to Cole Porter, that slick-sleek composer of "Kiss Me Kate," "Can-Can," and "High Society."

Like the last-mentioned film, this new one started off as a straight movie, the memorable "Ninotchka."

Cole Porter, who is famous for his wicked, pointed lyrics, must have had a wonderful time writing the songs. Born wealthy, and the very epitome of everything anti-Communist, Porter stabbed out "Too Bad We Can't Go Back to Moscow," "It's A Chemical Re-

action After All," and "Siberia."

Fred Astaire is the star of the disc and he soon makes lovely Cyd Charisse realise that love isn't just a chemical reaction when he sings to her "All Of You." Cyd puts over dialogue with a convincing Garbo-type Russian accent, but her vocals are handled for her by Carol Richards. I understand that she always has a vocal stand-in, so apparently although she dances like a dream she just can't carry a tune.

"Paris Loves Lovers" takes its place among the really big Porter love songs, while "Fated To Be Mated" is the maestro at his frivolous best.

Soubrette Janis Paige, who sounds rather like Carol Channing, draws two big solos—"Josephine," which explains very saucily what Napoleon saw in that lady, and "Satin And Silk." At another point in the plot Janis and Fred comment acidly on new film techniques in "Stereophonic Sound," and another hilarious number is "The Ritz Roll And Rock."

Our old friend Peter Lorre pops up on this disc, too, and you'll hear his funny voice on a couple of tracks. Like Ninotchka herself you won't be able to resist the lure of "Silk Stockings."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



Enjoy this succulent corn . . .
Birds Eye Whole Kernel Corn . . .
fresh, young, plump and juicy.

You'll love the natural flavour and freshness sealed in by Birds Eye miracle quick-freezing

Just taste the difference between delicious Birds Eye peas and ordinary peas in pods which have loitered from farm to market, to shop, to you. It's amazing! That's because Birds Eye peas are picked at their dewy best and quick-frozen *within two hours*. All their colour and flavour is sealed in and held, right to your table.

Back again! Sweet, young Birds Eye Peas — peas that really taste "fresh from the garden"

SHELLED, WASHED, READY TO COOK

Now YOU CAN again enjoy really fresh peas — snatched from the pods at the moment of perfect sweetness, colour and tenderness, then shelled and quick-frozen so fast by Birds Eye, that all the sweet flavour and goodness is sealed in.

You save work and time. No tedious shelling — simply pop the peas straight into the pot. Birds Eye peas are so young and tender, they cook in only half the time. Let Birds Eye show you the way to buy peas *really fresh*, sweet — and already shelled, into the bargain.

You get full value. You don't pay for yellowish, starchy old peas — or wasteful pods. Birds Eye select only the pick of the crop. Every pea in the Birds Eye packet is perfect — lush green, tender, sweet.



**12 OZ. PACKET EQUALS 2 LB. PEAS
IN THE POD — SERVES 6**

If a packet of Birds Eye peas is more than you need for a meal, a sharp tap will divide the frozen peas. Neat!



Recipe

MAKE YOUR DESSERTS MORE
DELICIOUS THAN EVER — WITH
BIRDS EYE ORCHARD-FRESH FRUITS!

Whipped up in minutes — a delicious dessert of fresh, sun-ripened *Birds Eye Peaches*, peeled, sliced, packed in pure syrup. Pile into glass sweet-dishes, top with a swirl of whipped cream or ice cream and a sprinkle of chopped nuts.

Try Birds Eye fresh *Raspberries* served, perhaps, in a rich butterscotch sauce — *Loganberries* baked in a tender pie-crust — or Birds Eye fresh *Tropical Fruit Salad* (tree-ripened bananas, passionfruit, pineapple, pawpaws) served very cold in a tall glass, garnished with mint. What a difference *really fresh* fruit makes!

BE 46, WWFPC

Town plan to aid road safety

● A special study of road-safety techniques now being made in three Victorian towns may be extended to centres in other States.

THE Australian Road Safety Council is making the study in Morwell, Yallourn, and Moe.

Based on a similar scheme in New Zealand, the resources of road-safety organisations, semi-government and local bodies will be concentrated on these towns for the next year.

New Zealand's "safety town" is Palmerston North, and it was recently inspected by the council chairman, Mr. T. G. Paterson.

"The rest of the world would do well to copy New Zealand," Mr. Paterson said.

"Road safety is regarded as a family matter, and bad road behaviour—speeding and 'smart' driving—is deplored and classed as anti-social."

Mr. Paterson detailed some of the methods that, for years, have kept New Zealand at the top of the world's road-safety records.

(Australia is sixth on the list with 9.8 fatalities per 10,000 vehicles against New Zealand's 5.8.)

"Traffic control is the sole concern of the N.Z. Transport Department," he said, "and that aims primarily to educate."

"The department contacts the public through schools, touring women lecturers, the Press, radio, and the courts."

"As a consequence, women drivers—unlike those in Australia—consider that road

safety is their business, because their own and the lives of their family are at stake.

"Radar is used extensively in traffic control, and so are cameras."

"More striking—to motorists, at least—are the signs which make New Zealand the most effectively sign-posted country in the world."

"Speed is limited to 50 m.p.h. on country roads, and plainclothes road patrols that lecture but do not prosecute effectively keep the law," added Mr. Paterson.

He is determined to take the honors from New Zealand and make Australian roads the world's safest.

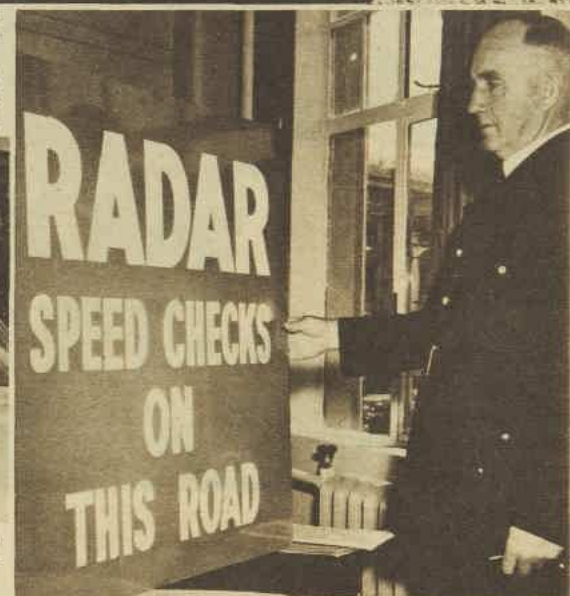


ABOVE: Radar frequency head records speeds of cars nearly a mile away.

RIGHT: Motorists are warned of radar or camera checks by large luminous-tape signs.



CAMERA mounted inside car produces finished picture one minute after taking. It records offences such as overtaking on bends, failing to keep left.



SOME of the posters produced in the Victorian road-safety campaign.

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!



You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

ONE bottle of Sanpic Disinfectant does the work of FIVE similar sized bottles of other brands.



A product of Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd., Sydney.

FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous . . . perfectly safe to use anywhere . . . to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

ECONOMICAL, TOO — With Sanpic Concentrated Disinfectant you need only use a little at a time—in fact, a teaspoonful or so is all that is necessary in most instances.



Floral
Fragrant

SANPIC

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant

They can't get a girl with a book

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

● A sound education and good speech are difficult obstacles in the path of a wife-hunt, according to ten native school-teachers of Papua-New Guinea who recently visited Queensland.

"THE men at home are much more advanced than women," they said. "It is hard for us to find wives who are well educated."

The ten teachers, whose tour was arranged by the Territory Education Department to show them something of civilisation outside their homeland, put it this way:

"Until we were educated we did not know that women were important."

"Now we have to educate them, too, so that they will be suitable partners, and help us to get on in life."

Two of the teachers, Kamona Walo, 37, and Jure Makili, 30, admitted they were still bachelors because they had been unable to find clever wives.

They were not at all interested in native belles who were not blue stockings.

Jure, who has a smooth,

man-about-town air, said also that he doubted whether he could afford to keep a wife.

He explained what he called the problem of his generation:

"I am in the middle of the past, and the future."

"Once I was free from money. I lived a village life, growing roots and yams, and fishing. All I needed were gardening tools and a lap-lap."

"Now I think of money all the time—as if my life depended on it."

"I have a thirst for learning, and for money to buy the things I learn about."

"And so, for me, it is dissatisfaction, because I can remember the life that gave me no worries, but I cannot go back to it."

The understanding that it is uncivilised to treat women as slaves and packhorses is comparatively recent in Papua-New Guinea.

Therefore the group was surprised to find so many



SHOPPING FOR HIS WIFE, Weka Forova chose a nylon slip and an ecru lace and net-trimmed pale blue nightgown. He rejected pyjamas "because it is not customary for women to wear the trousers at home."

women working, especially in factories, in a highly civilised country. It was explained to them that Australian women worked because "they had to have money."

But the natives were as concerned about the amount of work done by women as an Australian male might have felt about the lot of a native woman earlier this century.

The teachers were full of admiration for Australian girls. But the only beauty aids they

felt their own women should adopt were toothbrushes and toothpaste.

"There is no law against our women using lipstick, but a wife would wear it only if she wanted to hurt her husband's feelings," they said.

Dokta Taule had some interesting observations. "We like the way the girls are not shy when they speak to men who are strangers," he said.

Fearaka Haha said, "We will also encourage our women to look smart, be very clean, and walk quickly, with good, tidy figures like Australian girls."

The teachers' programme, planned by the Queensland Chamber of Manufactures, included visits to 45 factories and schools throughout the State.

They all got a kick out of answering pidgin-English questions in faultless English.

As the tour progressed, their chaperon, Mr. Geoff Gibson, an officer of the Papua-New Guinea Education Department, began to wonder how they would tear themselves away from the bright lights.

Then one evening they were taken to see the film "Walk Into Paradise," which is set in New Guinea.

Ten homesick natives were not at all reluctant to step aboard the Papua-bound aircraft.



UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND fascinated the touring native teachers. From left (front row) are: Junias To Mairi, George Toulit, Kamona Walo, Mr. John Beauchamp, of the Qld. Chamber of Manufactures, Dokta Taule, Elisha Barnard, Jure Makili. Back Row: Sinaka Goava, Weka Forova, Joseph Ritaka, Fearaka Haha.

Maudie will take the ladies to golf

MORE than 600 G.P.O. employees from all States will meet in Perth for the 1957 Australian Postal Institute Sporting Carnival.

They will compete in 17 sports—from bridge to basketball—between October 21 and November 1.

Entrants are selected by Postal Institute Councillors and attend the carnival in their own time—usually their annual holidays.

The carnivals—held every few years—are financed through the voluntary efforts of the post office employees.

Sydney councillors of the N.S.W. Postal Institute have raised £7000 of the £12,000 needed to send the State team of 100.

One of the most active members of this council is G.P.O. Welfare Officer Miss Maude Breeze, who recently received the M.B.E. for outstanding service in her work.

Miss Breeze also will captain and chaperone the N.S.W. Ladies' Golf Team, which she founded in 1946.

"Five hundred members of the Institute applied for selection in the N.S.W. team, and narrowing this down to 100 was hard," she said.

Known affectionately as "Maudie" by almost everyone in Sydney's rambling G.P.O. building, Miss Breeze began her career as a telephonist at the post office at Wellington,

N.S.W., in 1921, and later pioneered the way for women control-board technicians in radio.

In 1925 she was among the first three girls selected to operate the B040 exchange at the G.P.O.

She stayed in this job until 1943, when she was "borrowed" by the A.B.C. to become the first woman to operate a control-board at the A.B.C.

Miss Breeze has been G.P.O. Welfare Officer—the highest job available to a woman employee of the G.P.O.—since 1945.

In this job she is guide, philosopher, and friend to the 6000 girls employed throughout N.S.W. by the P.M.G.

When her award was announced, they agreed it was



Miss Maude Breeze, M.B.E., Welfare Officer at the G.P.O.

well deserved. Senior P.M.G. executives said that she had shown outstanding ability in every job during her career.

PHOENIX Automatic

does MORE for you!

YES... this Modern Phoenix Automatic (guaranteed by Phoenix manufacturing experience since 1865), is a dream machine which does ALL your sewing...

Truly Automatic
Fancy Stitches

Distinctive embroidery stitches just flow out to give beauty and individuality to dresses, blouses, table linen, pillow-slips, etc. So simple you'll be always using them. For there are

Unlimited
Variations.

Although the push button changes designs instantly without having to change cam-disks every time, yet you are not limited to a few designs... new cam-disks (from the ever-increasing range) can be inserted in a few seconds.

Zigzag, Buttonholes,

Sewing on buttons are other features that are child's play with Phoenix Automatic, yet features so necessary to every woman or girl. The

Free Arm

gives undreamt-of ease to darning socks, embroidering sleeves, etc.

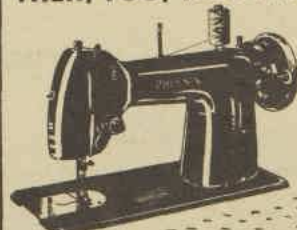
Tangle-Free Shuttle

gives true sewing simplicity, by making cotton tangles absolutely impossible.

A Full Range of Models

is offered by Phoenix, traditional Sewing Machine Specialists, in Library Tables, Cabinets, treadle or electric, in 240 volts or even 32 or 110 volts.

THEN, TOO, THERE IS



PHOENIX

PLAIN-SEWING
MODEL 350

Low priced, yet incorporating all the traditional quality and craftsmanship as found in the dearer Phoenix Models, the 350 sews forward and backward, hems, fells, quilts, sews in zips, in fact does all a plain sewer can do. The shuttle is the time-proven central bobbin type. Available in Portable Carrying Case or in Cabinet Models for electric or treadle, in 240 volt or even 32 or 110 volts.

There are PHOENIX Dealers EVERYWHERE, City, Suburbs, and Country.

so that Lessons, Service, and Spare Parts... though rarely needed... are always available.

Write us for details and name of our nearest dealer:

J. PIERRE COUVE & Co.

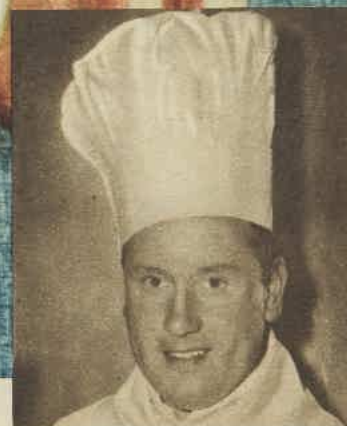
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eggs are the most complete, the most perfect health food you can eat



—says Mr. N. Barlow, Chef-Instructor, Food School, East Sydney Technical College, who recommends this "Granada" omelette.

"Omelette making is quick and easy"

**THIS IS A COMPLETE DINNER DISH FOR 6 PEOPLE
— the total cost 2/- per person**

Ingredients for "Granada" Omelette

12 eggs	2 sticks celery
2 tomatoes	1 bunch shallots
1 capsicum	2 strips bacon
1 lb. butter	Parsley

Omelette making is quick and simple, if you follow the directions carefully.

1. *Keep a large, heavy pan with sloping sides solely for making omelettes and pancakes.
*Be sure that the pan is perfectly dry and clean. After use never wash your omelette pan, just wipe it out.
*Break 12 eggs into a basin, add salt and pepper and whisk briskly.
2. Chop shallots, capsicum, celery, bacon, peeled tomatoes. Heat the pan slowly, melting ample butter to cover the bottom of the pan. Lightly fry shallots, capsicum, celery, bacon; when part fried, add tomatoes. Within a minute remove half the garnish; increase heat until butter is very hot but not smoking, pour in the beaten eggs.

3. Success depends on the rapid fire and your own dexterity. With the right hand, with a fork, rapidly stir the omelette mixture. With the left hand, move the pan quickly to and fro across the flame. This two-handed dexterity will prevent the omelette sticking, will stir the mixture and "set" the eggs. As the omelette "sets," roll the mixture with the side of the fork; folding the edge of the omelette away from you towards the other side of the pan. The omelette should now be folded almost in halves, soft inside, golden brown face uppermost. To fold into three, hold the pan away from the fire, left handed, and with the edge of the right hand, tap the side of the sloping pan to cause the mixture to rise above the edge of the pan. A quick flick of the wrist and the edge of the omelette will fall inwards to make a third fold. Tip out onto hot plate. Garnish with remainder of filling.

Save money—Serve often the most complete, the most perfect health food you and your family can eat! Serve eggs! For years—eggs have never been cheaper! There are hundreds of delicious, inexpensive, quick, omelette recipes; if you would like to add to your omelette collection, just write to: "RECIPES," Box 5340, G.P.O., Sydney.

eggs



KEEP YOU GOING!

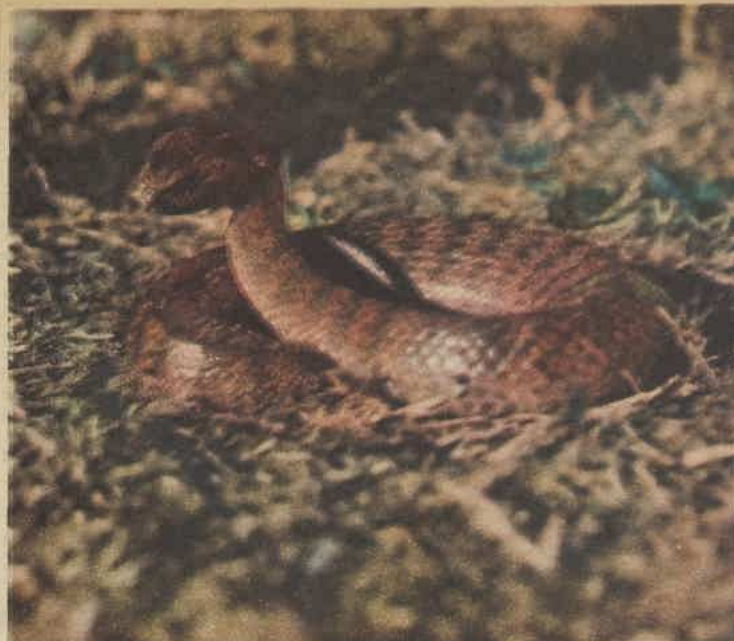


EB46/FCP



LEFT: Carpet snake is a python and not a venomous snake, though its sharp teeth can leave a nasty wound. These snakes belong to the inland and Queensland, eat birds and small mammals, which they strangle.

RIGHT: Death adder is easily distinguished by its broad, flat body, constricted neck, wide head, and short, thin tail. Its venom is more powerful than that of a cobra. Has a wide range in Australia.



These are Australian: SNAKES

● Most of Australia's 130-140 species of snakes are venomous, using venom to immobilise their prey, but only about six of them are dangerous to man. Most deadly of all is the taipan.

—Pictures by Dr. Allen Keast and Mr. Eric Worrall.



TAIPAN is Australia's largest venomous snake and one of the most dangerous in the world. It grows to 11ft. long, is very aggressive, and strikes like a flash. It belongs to North Queensland and to New Guinea.



SPOTTED-HEAD BROWN SNAKE, belonging to northern Australia from the Kimberleys to Cape York and to New Guinea, is venomous, but not a dangerous snake. It is olive to dark brown in color and yellowish underneath.



ABOVE: Red-bellied black snake is much dreaded, but only one per cent. of hundreds of recorded bites has proved fatal to human beings.

BELOW: Bandy-bandy averages 20 inches in length, uses venom to kill prey. Its bite could make a human sick, but would not kill.



GREEN TREE SNAKE is harmless. It is common in eastern Australia, particularly on the coast, lives in trees, where it often coils up in hollow limbs. It is usually green above and yellow underneath, but sometimes a dull olive-brown. Eats small birds, frogs, and mammals.





the final touch

So necessary to every woman, every girl. Anyone can offend through perspiration odour. There's nothing unusual about it—nature decides that you will perspire and that means perspiration odour. Don't be complacent because perspiration odours are not apparent to YOU, they are to others. You must use a personal deodorant to preserve after-bath freshness.

*Mum is no ordinary deodorant

Mum's exclusive ingredient M3* actually destroys the germs that make perspiration offensive... eliminates entirely all body odours for a full 24 hours.

Completely safe and delicately perfumed, Mum gives that minute-by-minute protection that lasts right from one shower to the next.

Mum is the deodorant you can be sure of.

The world's most successful deodorant, Mum never irritates normal skins... never rots your clothes.



*M3 is known to science as hexachlorophene—the wonder ingredient which destroys odour-causing bacteria without harm to skin and clothing.

MUM KEEPS YOU NICE TO BE NEAR—24 HOURS A DAY

M01

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive, free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

- (1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you daily need to renew your body tissues.
- (2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are harmless and safe for the most delicate persons and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for 9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

AUSTRALIANS are so proud of their standards of hygiene that I think it is a pity health inspectors don't do a lot more investigating into some of the so-called holiday cottages at popular resorts. In spite of the high rents demanded, the lack of amenities in these cottages is staggering. The idea seems to be that anything is good enough for a person on holidays. I know people are not obliged to rent these places, but often it is not convenient to see the holiday home beforehand and they have to trust the agent. Don't other readers think it is high time holiday-makers were protected?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Henry, 87 Balacava Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W.

I AM the mother of five children, the eldest of whom has just turned eight. Whenever my husband and I are out with our family we find people staring at us. Why is it that nowadays parents who have more than two or three children are glared at like this? In the past, a family of 10 or more children was accepted as a nice size, but now it seems a crime to have more than four. We are very proud of our family, and as long as we are able to feed, clothe, and educate them properly we are happy to do so. Have the luxuries of today's living overshadowed for most people the joy of having children?

10/6 to Mrs. S. G. Woodroff, c/o Base Squadron, R.A.A.F., East Sale, Vic.

ARE other readers, like myself, continually irritated by the way butter is wrapped? Surely nothing could be less practical than the present wrapping in a climate like ours. Butter is a most expensive commodity, and I think it would be a vast improvement if it were sold in cartons. These cartons would be a boon in hot weather when many people have to travel long distances for supplies.

10/6 to "Iris" (name supplied), South Perth, W.A.

THERE is no need to be sorry for the woman who lives alone. I have done so for years and enjoy my life. Although I have no near relatives I have some very good friends and a really wonderful neighbor whose small children regard me as their friend and expect me to share all their interests, from their school reports to a new frock. This helps keep me young in outlook. My garden provides healthy activity and plenty of interest, as well as fruit, vegetables, and flowers. A lending library in the nearby town has a wonderful selection of books. What more could I need?

10/6 to "Alone" (name supplied), Point Clare, N.S.W.

WHY do so many people leave their theatre seats just as a film is nearing its end? Those who remain seated have their vision blocked, and nothing is more infuriating. It is like having the last page of a book torn out. The main point is lost and the whole story ruined. It is sheer thoughtlessness on the part of these theatregoers. Surely no one can be in such a great hurry to leave that he or she can't wait those extra few seconds.

10/6 to Miss D. P. Klibbe, Buaraba, via Coominya, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

Money or flowers?

WHILE reading Mrs. P. Dickson's letter (3/7/57) suggesting that hospital visitors put a donation toward a patient's bill instead of taking flowers, I was reminded of my stay in hospital last year. A hospital ward, especially a single one, would have been very lonely without the lovely flowers my friends sent. I am sure my appreciation of the flowers was far greater than it could have been if I had received donations toward my bill instead, although I can assure Mrs. Dickson that my bills were not easy to meet.

10/6 to Miss E. Lamparter, 25 Canberra Rd., Toorak, Vic.

Using up scraps

MRS. B. WHITE (10/7/57) complains of having to buy full skeins of wool when only a small amount is needed to finish whatever she is knitting. Why doesn't she use the oddments she acquires to make rugs for children's hospitals or tea-cosies and similar articles to give to fetes? If she didn't want this extra work, she could give the wool to people who would like the scraps for such projects. I am always disappointed if I'm not left with these scraps for making little gifts.

10/6 to M. Newman, 36 Preddeys Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

Family affairs

OUR family never wanted to go to bed early, so we were encouraged to let off steam and energy in one "daft half-hour." Well do I recall that half-hour of bedlam in our house when, amid whoops of laughter, Mum and Dad became beasts of burden, clowns, or just plain fools, according to our requests, or when they joined in our pillow-fights, hide-and-seeks, or our make-believes before they read to us and tucked us in for the night. Now I am happy to give my young family this wonderful legacy of a daft half-hour.

£1/1/- to "Joshua" (name supplied), Blackwood, S.A.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

A GROUP of healthy-looking young fellows and girls were jammed next to me in the peak-hour train.

"What time did you get home from the party last night?" said a girl to a boy.

"Three a.m.," he said.

"Coming to the ball tonight?"

"Yes. I'll be there round nine o'clock."

I looked at them with awe. Fancy being able to keep hours like that and stay on your feet, I thought.

By nine o'clock, when they were going off to the ball, I would be yawning and putting out the milk money.

Yet I used to be a stop-out once myself.

I can remember it dimly. Trying to find taxis in empty streets. Getting up late and shaky for breakfast.

During your life your bedtime follows a sort of curve.

As a child you hit the mattress before eight o'clock, whether you like it or not.

LONG PAST MY BEDTIME

In the dating years, as Americans call them, your bedtime graph suddenly zooms to midnight or later.

When you are married and the tots come, it takes a dive.



You go to bed early because you wake up so much.

First it is the baby's feeds.

Then it is the cries in the night: "I'm dreaming about crocodiles," "I want a drink of water," "Can I come in your bed?" "I've got a pain."

The pressure eases slightly when the tots can find their way to the bathroom.

But you pay dearly for a late night.

I went to a ball last year and came home, very cheerful, at 3 a.m.

I was wakened three hours later by someone who asked: "What clothes are I wear-wing today?"

Some people go gay when their children are a bit older. Their bedtime gets later again.

The Potlucks, in our district, are a couple like this.

Suddenly, after years of early nights, they started learning rock'n-roll.

Now they go out and make whoopee twice a week.

But I don't know whether Perc Potluck will keep it up.

Gladys, who is 13 stone, is not such an exciting dance partner as she used to be.

Yes, I hope that young crowd in the train had a good time at the ball.

Their late nights are later than they think.

Joe was so shy

FICTION
SECTION

BY ELIZABETH
LUCKHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

MARION sat there in the window-seat, grubby and listless. The spectacle was little short of distressing.

Usually at this hour she was to be found still energetic, showered and pretty, helping her mother in the neighboring house and without a sign of the long, tiring day she had spent among the vines and racks helping with her father's grape harvest.

The sun, muted by the vines that framed the window, made a halo of her hair as she sat contemplating her dusty boots in quite terrible absorption.

Yvonne snipped a thread under the frock that she was embroidering for Melissa. She too had spent a busy day among her husband's vines, and now, showered and fresh, her small infant in bed, she was resting for a moment as she waited for her husband to come for the evening meal.

Not one word, not one syllable can I utter, she thought, or Marion will run like a rabbit and I may never know what's troubling her.

And then Marion said, "What do you think of Joe?"

Completely taken off guard, Yvonne was about to say flippantly that she didn't . . . think of Joe, but something that lingered after Marion's voice made her stop.

"What would you like me to think of Joe?" she countered.

"I happen to be in love with him," Marion did not quite raise her eyes.

Yvonne almost dropped her sewing.

"Well! I can't believe it. I just can't believe that someone has at least made a dint in your cast-iron armor . . . does Joe know?"

Marion cast an Irish-swift glance from under her dark brows. "Tell me what you think of him," she said again.

"As if it matters," scoffed Yvonne. "You love him, so what! However, not being aware of love smouldering among the dip-tins I haven't paid a great deal of attention to Joe—is his name really Joe?—but I've always thought him extremely nice. How long has this been going on?"

Marion stopped swinging her boot; she sat up eagerly and smiled. "Oh, Yvonne, I knew he was the only man for me when he first came to pick grapes—three harvests ago."

"Three harvests ago—I must be getting old. Not a ripple of this have I suspected . . ."

"Oh, you must have noticed—life has been so different! Instead of just living on a grape block I've had the most exciting life in the world. All the year's work, the watering, pruning, planting, ploughing, has become a wonderful progress towards harvest and the time when I should see Joe again."

"I must be getting very, very old," murmured Yvonne faintly and thoughtfully.

"Of course his name isn't Joe, but he likes it well enough. His family have been with grapes for generations, and do you know, Yvonne, he holds the equivalent to our agricultural science degree?"

"Oh. And what about all the

To page 38

Marion watched with pride and surprise as Joe and the pretty girl danced gaily to the lively music.





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Just push-up! Stroke it on! One stroke
wipes out perspiration odor instantly!

Protection starts the second you smooth on this superior new stick deodorant. One quick motion and NEW ODO-RO-NO banishes odor and all signs of underarm moisture . . . keeps clothes fresh and free from ugly stains. Only the ODO-RO-NO triple combination formula gives:

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There is no better skin care than a twice daily lather with rich, medicated Solyptol toilet Soap. This simple method keeps your skin healthy—and healthy skin is beautiful skin. Solyptol Soap is so gentle—it refreshes as it cleanses, clears away skin blemishes, brings out your natural beauty.

Solyptol Soap



"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE"

THE SCAPEGOAT

AS the days passed, I, the Englishman JOHN, found my impersonation of JEAN DE GUE, the French aristocrat, more difficult to sustain, for I was deeply sorry for all the unhappy members of his family. In longing to help them I find myself only making things worse. At the shooting-party, where I was only a spectator because of my deliberately burned hand, I disorganised everything by not being able to control Jean's dog, Cesar. At the luncheon-party I uttered some bitter truths in my innocence.

When I returned to the chateau I slept wearily, to be awakened by a summons to go to the COMTESSE, Jean's mother. She wanted me to give her an injection, for she is a drug addict. Unable to resist her pleas, I gave it to her and then, disgusted, drove into Villars to talk to BELA, whose commonsense attitude is

reassuring. On my return to the chateau I was aghast to be told by FRANCOISE, Jean's pregnant wife, and BLANCHE, his sister, who hates him, that the daughter, MARIE-NOEL, has disappeared.

I joined the searchers and eventually found my way to the unused house attached to the glass foundry, followed by Blanche. JULIE, mother of a workman, told me Marie-Noel had been found asleep at the bottom of the well—the well where Resistance fighters had thrown the shot body of MAURICE DUVAL, former master of the foundry. I realised then that Jean had been the leader of the men. In another terrible flash of comprehension I realised why Blanche hates Jean. Duval was to have been her husband. A message came from the chateau to return at once because there had been an accident, and Blanche and I were warned not to bring the child. NOW READ ON:

THE summons which should have united brother and sister divided us still further. Blanche said never a word to me, nor I to her, as the workman called Ernest drove us back in the lorry; the evil that encompassed us both was like a cloud impossible to penetrate.

The chateau was deserted. Everyone was out, still searching for the child. Only Charlotte was left, blabbing and hysterical, the woman who milked the cows screaming in my ear, and the cook, whom I had not seen before but whom I knew to be Gaston's wife. As we entered the chateau she came from the kitchen premises, eyes startled, hair unpinned and falling loose, and said: "They brought the ambulance from Villars. I did not know where else to telephone."

Only now did it become clear to me that Ernest, whom Julie had sent to St. Gilles in the lorry because she could get no reply by telephone, had met Blanche coming from the church, and she had straightway driven back with him to the foundry without returning to the chateau.

All sense of time was lost. I did not know how long I had walked in the woods. The day, disappointed from that first moment when Francoise had hammered on the dressing-room door to tell me the child was missing, had been one without minutes, without hours; and now, looking up at the gaping bedroom window and down to the trampled grass of the moat below, it might have been midday or afternoon. Marie-

Noel, asleep beneath the blankets, belonged to an era past and gone. Nothing was certain but that disaster, swift and sudden, had come upon the chateau when it was empty.

The crooked finger of the woman who milked the cows stabbed at the patch of grass as she turned first to me and then to Blanche, and her voice, unintelligible and shrill, repeated again and again the only words I understood, "I saw her fall . . . I saw her fall . . ." The jabbing finger, the upturned eyes, the sudden sweeping gesture of her hand as she mimed the falling body were terrible and vivid, the drama of a witch, and Charlotte, plucking at Blanche's sleeve and babbling, "She was still breathing, Mademoiselle, I put a mirror to her lips," became her partner in the dreadful play.

The nightmare ride began again. Out of the drive, through the gateway, up the avenue, and on the road to Villars, in the wake of the ambulance that could only have preceded us by some twenty-five minutes. And still, despite the premonition that had now turned to certainty, Ernest, driving us in the lorry, was the only link between us.

"I was in church," said Blanche, "I was in church, praying, when it happened."

"I saw no ambulance, Mademoiselle," said Ernest. "You must have come out of the church and met me with the lorry before the ambulance came."

"I should have gone back to the chateau," said Blanche. "I should have gone back and told them that the child was safe. I might have been in time."

And a few minutes later, as always after disaster, the hopeless recapitulation of events to find how tragedy could have been avoided: "There was no need for everyone to join in the search. Some of us should have stayed. If one of us had stayed it would not have happened."

And lastly: "The hospital in Villars may not be prepared for emergencies. They should have taken her to Le Mans."

Villars was full of dust now. The hospital building, which I had not noticed when Marie-Noel and I had walked the market-place, now seemed prominent, and large, and ugly because of my own fears. It was Blanche who entered first, Blanche who spoke rapidly to someone white-coated, young, standing in the passage, and Blanche who pushed me into the bare impersonal waiting-room while she disappeared after him through a further door beyond. The sister who returned with her was calm, impassive.

"I can't tell you the extent of the injuries. The doctor is examining her now," she said to me as she led us from the waiting-room to a smaller private one.

Blanche went and stood by the window, with her back to me. I think she was praying. Her head was bent, her hands clasped in front of her. I stared at a map of the region



Sixth instalment of our intriguing serial BY DAPHNE DU MAURIER

that was framed on the wall, and I saw that Villars was twenty kilometres from Mortagne, and from Mortagne a by-road led direct to the Abbey of la Grande-Trappe. On the desk was a calendar. A week ago tomorrow I had been driving to Le Mans . . . A week ago.

Everything I had said, everything I had done, had brought this family closer to disaster and to pain. Mine was the responsibility, mine the guilt. Jean de Gue, laughing before the mirror in that hotel bedroom, had left me to solve his problems as I chose.

"Monsieur le Comte?" The man who entered, big, burly, would surely have given confidence to a waiting relative, but I had seen too many doctors' expressions in the war not to recognise finality. "I am Dr. Moutier. I want to tell you that everything we can possibly do is being done. The injuries are extensive, and it would be wrong of me to express any great hope. The Comtesse is, of course, unconscious. I understand neither of you was present when the accident occurred."

Once again Blanche was the spokesman, and the useless story repeated.

"The windows are large," said Blanche. "She had been ill. She must have gone to the window feeling faint and opened it too wide, and leaning out . . ." She did not finish the sentence.

The doctor's brief, "Naturally, naturally," was mechanical, and he added, "The Comtesse was dressed. She was not in nightclothes. Presumably she was going to join you in the search for the child."

I glanced at Blanche, but her eyes were fixed on the doctor. "She was not dressed when the rest of us left the chateau. She was in bed. None of us dreamt for a moment that she would get up."

"Mademoiselle, it is always the unforeseen that produces accidents. Excuse me." He turned from us to speak to the sister outside the door. The low, rapid conversation was inaudible to us inside the room, but I thought I caught the words "transfusion" and "Le Mans," and I could see from Blanche's face that she had heard them, too.

"They are going to give a transfusion," she said. "I heard him say they were sending the blood from Le Mans."

She was watching the door, and I wondered if she realised that these were the first words she had spoken to her brother for fifteen years. They came too late. They were no use. He was not there to hear them.

The doctor turned to us again. "You will excuse me, Monsieur, and you, Mademoiselle. Please wait here—it is more private than the other room. I will let you know as soon as there is anything definite to tell you."

Blanche caught at his sleeve. "Forgive me, doctor, I could not help overhearing something of what you were saying to the sister. You have sent to Le Mans for blood?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Are you sure it wouldn't save time if my brother gave his blood? Both he and my brother Paul belong to blood group O, which I understand can be given to anyone without danger?"

For a moment the doctor hesitated, glancing at me. Appalled at what might happen, at the inevitable worsening of disaster, I said swiftly, "I'm not group O. I only wish to God I were."

Blanche looked at me, dumbfounded. "That's not true. You are both universal donors, you and Paul. I remember Paul telling me only a few months ago."

I shook my head. "No," I said, "you're mistaken. Paul, perhaps, not me. I belong to group A. It wouldn't be any use."

The doctor gestured. "Please don't distress yourselves," he said. "It is preferable to use the blood straight from the laboratory. There will be very little delay. Everything necessary is on its way to Villars from Le Mans."

He paused, looking curiously from me to Blanche, and went out of the room.

For a few moments Blanche said nothing. Then oddly, terribly, it seemed to me, her expression of concern and anguish changed. "She knows," I thought, "she knows at last. I've given myself away." But I was wrong. Slowly, as though

"My son," said the old priest to me, "your mother and I have been praying that you will be given strength in this terrible moment."

she could not believe her own words, she said, "You don't want to save her. You're hoping she will die."

I stared at her, aghast. Then she turned her back on me. She went and stood by the window once again.

We went on waiting. Sometimes there were voices in the passage and sometimes footsteps passed. No one came in. The midday Angelus sounded from the cathedral church. I looked at the map once more and saw that it was forty-four kilometres from Le Mans to Villars. The distance could be covered in forty minutes. Could forty minutes make all the difference between life and death? I did not know; I hadn't the medical knowledge.

All I knew was that Jean de Gue and I had different blood, that we were dissimilar in the only thing that mattered, now. He might have saved his wife, but I could not. Height, breadth, coloring, features, voice, we had everything in common but that. The discovery seemed to me symbolic of all that had gone wrong. He was the human reality, I the shadow. I could not replace the living man.

When the car or ambulance arrived it would go very probably to another entrance. I went out into the passage, hoping that if I stood there somebody might come.

At one o'clock Paul and Renee appeared at the hospital entrance. I pointed to the room where Blanche was waiting. I did not want to talk to them; she could tell them everything we knew. Renee went straight in, but Paul, after a second's hesitation, came to me.

"Ernest is still outside with the lorry. Shall I tell him to go?" he asked.

"I will," I replied.

He paused. "How is she?" he asked.

I shook my head, and went out of the hospital into the street, and told Ernest that he had better return to the foundry. When he had climbed into the lorry and driven away, it was as though my contact with solidity and safety had gone.

I went out across the Place and began walking without thought, without intention.

I retraced my steps and went back to the hospital.

Paul was standing by the entrance. He said, "We've been looking for you."

I knew then it had happened. He took my arm, an odd, half-protective gesture, and we walked together along the passage to the small room. Dr. Moutier was there, with Blanche and Renee and the sister who had received us. He came to me at once and his voice was already changed.

He said, "It's all over. I'm so very sorry."

They were all looking at me except Blanche, who turned away, and when I did not answer immediately Dr. Moutier added, "She never recovered consciousness. She was in no pain. I can assure you of that."

I said, "The blood transfusion—it was no good, then?"

"No," he said. "There was just a faint chance, but . . . she had sustained too great a shock . . ." He gestured with his hands.

"It came too late?" I asked.

"Too late?" He repeated the words after me, puzzled.

"The blood," I said, "the blood from Le Mans."

"Ah, no," he said, "it was here in half-an-hour. We gave the transfusion at once. Everything that it was possible to do was done. Your wife did not die from any sort of neglect, Monsieur, please believe me. We did what was necessary to the very last moment. But, alas, our efforts were in vain. We could not save her."

The sister said, "You would like to see her," her words a plain statement of fact, not an interrogation, and she led me down the passage and into a small room. We stood together beside the bed, looking down on Francoise de Gue. There was no sign of injury. She might have been sleeping. She did not look like a person dead.

The sister said, "I always think the real personality appears on the face during the first hour after death. Sometimes it is a consolation to believe this."

I was not sure. The Francoise lying dead looked peaceful, younger, happier than the Francoise who had hammered on the dressing-room door that morning. The Francoise of the morning had been haggard, anxious, querulous. If this, the

To page 40



Fun with MAC and ROBBIE

GOLF DAZE

MAC'S A GREAT GOLFING MAN - HE EVEN DRIVES HIS CAR WITH A SLICE.

BOY I'M TIRED - I JUST PLAYED 18 HOLES AT GOLF, ROBBIE.

YOU MEAN DUG 18 HOLES AT GOLF MAC - YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR STRENGTH BACK WITH A BLOCK OF "SNACK".

NO, I PLAYED WELL, ROBBIE - I SHOT A BIRDIE.

YOU CRUEL MAN!

NO, THAT MEANS I SHOT ONE UNDER PAR -

JUST AS WELL YOU DIDN'T HIT THE OLD CHAP.

ROBBIE, IT'S OBVIOUS YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT GOLF. IT'S NO USE TELLING YOU I GOT A HOLE-IN-ONE.

HOLD ON MAC, WILL YOU GIVE ME 2/- IF I CAN DO THE SAME?

GET A HOLE-IN-ONE? I SURE WOULD.

5 MINUTES LATER

HERE YOU ARE MAC, PAY UP THE 2/-

BUT THAT'S A BLOCK OF "SNACK" NOT A HOLE-IN-ONE.

IT'S A WHOLE-IN-ONE! A WHOLE BOX OF CHOCOLATE BLOCK! A SELECTION OF 6 DIFFERENT CENTRES IN EVERY BLOCK! HOW ABOUT THAT! AND ONLY 2/-

FOILED AGAIN BUT "SNACK" IS WORTH EVERY PENNY OF THE 2/- ROBBIE. YOU WIN!

"SNACK" GIVES YOU 12 NOVELTY SHAPED PIECES 6 DIFFERENT CENTRES -

ONLY 2/-

HERE ARE THE 6 CENTRES, STRAWBERRY CREAM, PINEAPPLE CREAM, CREAM, CARAMEL, TURKISH DELIGHT, FRENCH, NOUGAT, FRUIT SUNDAY.

Mac. Robertson's CHIP-O-MINT MILK CHOCOLATE

ONLY 2/-

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HERE'S A MINT OF ENJOYMENT, MAC, IT'S MACROBERTSON'S CHIP-O-MINT CHOCOLATE BLOCK

WOW! CRISP CHIPS OF MINT CANDY STUDDED THROUGH SMOOTH MILK CHOCOLATE

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Mac. Robertson discovered the delicious way to make peppermint candy into crisp, crunchy chips. And the tangy mint flavour blends wonderfully with Mac. Robertson's fresh milk chocolate. Treat yourself to Mac. Robertson's Chip-O-Mint - only 2/-.

Dear Miss Dare

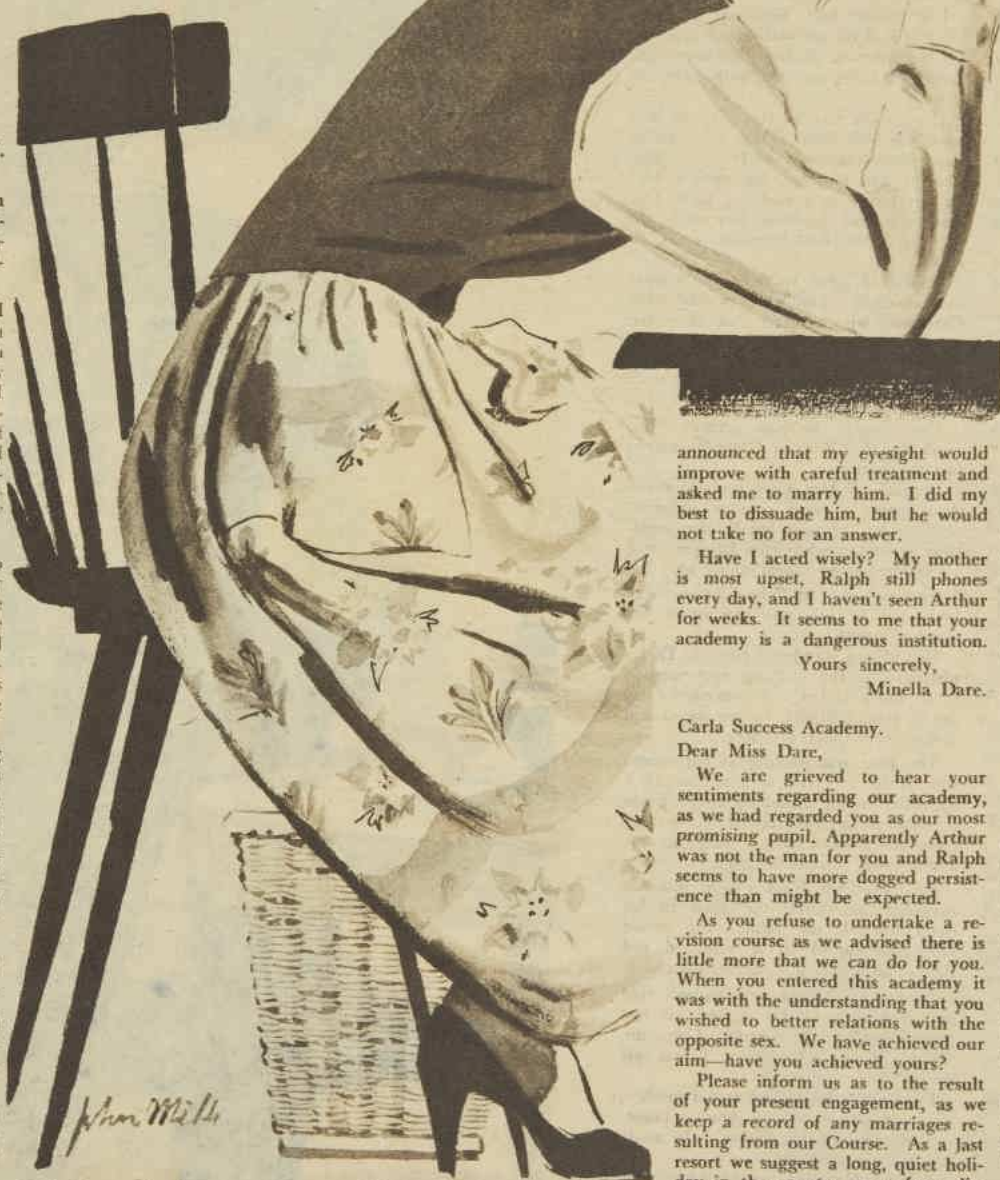
A short story complete on this page

By L. A. TANNER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS



are
St
ville



CARLA SUCCESS ACADEMY.

Dear Sirs,

My name is Minella Dare. You may remember me as a five-foot six-inch blue-eyed brunette who graduated with honors from your three-month Poise and Charm School.

Since completing this course I have had nothing but trouble. When I entered your academy I was a quiet, self-conscious girl with very little oomph. During the course I was instructed in the use of make-up, dress sense, and deportment. If I had stopped right there all would have been well. It was your instructions on "Evening Charm," "Table Talk," and "Perfume as an Asset" which ruined everything.

Arthur, my fiance, took me to dinner the night after I left your academy. I wore the silver lame recommended by your Miss Delice and a touch of "Mystery" behind my ears. Arthur was rather spell-bound during dinner, but as he is not usually talkative I did not notice anything wrong.

We went on to Toni's for dancing and supper and there we met a friend of Arthur's named Ralph. Here the trouble started. I had met several of Arthur's friends before without making any visible impression on them, but Ralph behaved much as Arthur had done during dinner and seemed quite spell-bound.

Following your instructions on how to put a shy male at his ease, I succeeded in making him relax, but with the result that he danced with me all evening while Arthur, poor lamb, sat and glowered. It was all most unfortunate.

On the way home Arthur said several things which annoyed me to such an extent that I went inside without saying goodnight.

When Ralph phoned on Monday I was still mad at Arthur and went to a show with Ralph that night. I tried to explain to him that I was engaged to Arthur, that I was not the sort of girl who went out with every man she met, but my Unconscious Charm, so carefully cultivated in your Course, kept breaking through and Ralph just did not seem to be listening to what I said.

Since then Ralph has telephoned me daily, Arthur has refused to speak to me, and now my young sister accuses me of luring her beau from her. What am I to do? Would you please send instructions on how to counteract the Unconscious Charm, as I am in danger of losing all my women friends. Hoping I am not causing you any inconvenience,

Yours sincerely,

Minella Dare.

Carla Success Academy.

Dear Miss Dare,

Your unusual complaint has been reviewed by the board of directors. While regretting the fact that you are losing your female friends, we are happy to hear that our teaching has brought such excellent results. If Arthur really loves you he will prove it by poking Ralph in the eye, but if you are to preserve your engagement the situation will require careful handling.

We suggest you return to the academy for a brief revision course on "How to Hold Your Man's Love," which will be given free of charge in view of the unusual circumstances. Meanwhile, we advise you to slow down your charm tactics and refrain from wearing either the silver lame or "Mystery." Dark glasses worn in the daytime might help.

Please advise us as to your progress.

We remain,

Yours faithfully,

Carla Success Academy.

Carla Success Academy,

Dear Sirs,

I think it would be more appropriate in the circumstances if I attend a course on how to get rid of my man's love. Since receiving your letter, Arthur has broken off our engagement and I have become engaged to an eye specialist. This was the result of your advice to wear dark glasses to counteract my Unconscious Charm.

My mother was worried by the fact that I seemed to be suffering from eyestrain and insisted that I see an eye specialist. After three visits Peter, my present fiance,

announced that my eyesight would improve with careful treatment and asked me to marry him. I did my best to dissuade him, but he would not take no for an answer.

Have I acted wisely? My mother is most upset, Ralph still phones every day, and I haven't seen Arthur for weeks. It seems to me that your academy is a dangerous institution.

Yours sincerely,

Minella Dare.

Carla Success Academy.

Dear Miss Dare,

We are grieved to hear your sentiments regarding our academy, as we had regarded you as our most promising pupil. Apparently Arthur was not the man for you and Ralph seems to have more dogged persistence than might be expected.

As you refuse to undertake a revision course as we advised there is little more that we can do for you. When you entered this academy it was with the understanding that you wished to better relations with the opposite sex. We have achieved our aim—have you achieved yours?

Please inform us as to the result of your present engagement, as we keep a record of any marriages resulting from our Course. As a last resort we suggest a long, quiet holiday in the country away from disturbing influences.

We remain,

Yours faithfully,

Carla Success Academy.

P.S.—Any future correspondence will be handled by our newly appointed Publicity Officer, Mr. Simon Hale.

Carla Success Academy.

Dear Mr. Hale,

Please help me! I enclose photographs of my present fiance and also my two previous fiancés. The question is— which one should I marry? I have faithfully carried out the instructions from your academy and each time the result has been a broken engagement.

As suggested I took a long, quiet holiday in the country away from disturbing influences. Or so I thought. I purposely chose a small hotel whose residents consisted

mainly of middle-aged ladies with a sprinkling of honeymooners.

How was I to know that John, my present fiance, would be staying there in order to study farming methods in the district? He is a Canadian, but apart from this difference it is the same old story. Arthur, Peter, and John have convinced themselves and me that I love them. Is this possible?

Yours desperately,

Minella Dare.

Carla Success Academy.

Dear Miss Dare,

Having reviewed your case and studied your letters I find one item lacking, namely, your age. Your emotion-l tangle cannot entirely be due to our Course and I can only deduce that you are going through a stiff patch of puppy-love!

If, however, you are old enough to know what you are doing—twenty-five or older—my opinion is that you are having a wonderful time. You cannot expect me to believe you do not know when you are in love. Stop kidding yourself and us.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Simon Hale,

Publicity Officer.

P.S.—Meet me for lunch Friday, one o'clock at Toni's. This will satisfy my curiosity and allow you to vent your considerable wrath.—Simon.

Carla Success Academy.

Dear Mr. Hale,

Thank you for your letter! I could not possibly wait till Friday to vent my wrath as you put it. Puppy-love, indeed! My age has nothing to do with the case.

If I sound as if I am kidding myself, let me tell you... on second thoughts I shall be delighted to lunch with you on Friday. I can hardly wait.

Yours sincerely,

Minella Dare.

Dear Miss Dare,

Anyone can make a mistake. Some people make them all the time, but I was right about one thing. A person certainly knows when he or she is in love. Please, dear Miss Dare, meet me again next Friday, same time and place.

Yours hopelessly,

Simon Hale.

Carla Success Academy.

Dear Sirs,

Please find enclosed a photograph of my wedding group, which you may include in your files if you wish. I also want to thank you for the handsome wedding gift. Your academy is an institution of which you may be proud.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Simon Hale.

(Copyright)

EVERY WOMAN LOVES A CAD

By **BARBARA BEAUCHAMP**

BEATRICE CAMERON regarded her future daughter-in-law across the breakfast table. What a lovely creature she was with her red-gold hair, deep blue eyes, and those beautifully arched brows and long lashes.

No wonder Charles had fallen in love with her. But why was she so curiously reserved, the older woman thought uneasily, sensing unknown depths behind the girl's cool manner.

She poured herself a second cup of coffee and picked up the letters she had received that morning.

"Dick is arriving at the weekend," she said in her clear, unemphatic voice. It was impossible to tell whether she was pleased or otherwise at this news from her elder son.

Ann Paynton looked up in surprise. "Dick?" she asked. "I didn't even know he was in England."

"Neither did I," Beatrice Cameron replied dryly, "until this morning. His last letter, if I remember rightly, was from New York, dated some time in August; he mentioned returning to Paris this autumn, but I wasn't expecting him home before Christmas."

"His job certainly takes him around." As she lit a cigarette, Ann's gaze wandered to the fireplace, above which hung a portrait of the late Richard Cameron, whom she had never met.

Beatrice Cameron's voice interrupted her thoughts, "I can't remember when you last saw Dick?"

"Not since Charles and I got engaged and I only met him once before that — he was abroad so much."

"Dick was always extraordinarily like his father," Beatrice Cameron regarded the portrait pensively. "Well, I suppose I'd better go and see to those letters about the committee meeting next week." In addition to running the house, Mrs. Cameron had, since her husband's death, devoted herself to the local charities he had been interested in.

"Let me help you," Ann said. "I'm quite good at the typewriter."

"Would you really, dear? It would be a tremendous help." Sitting in the study at the heavy roll-top desk that had been Mr. Cameron's, Ann looked at the two photographs in solid-silver frames on either side of it. A studio portrait of Dick, emphasising the squareness of his jaw, the sardonic tilt to his brows. Rather a devilish face, she thought idly, and turned her glance to the other frame.

It held an enlarged snapshot of Charles, taken in front of The Gables, and the chief thing about it was the happiness of his smile. She remembered it being taken — shortly after their engagement.

They should have been married by now, have been together in Tripoli. But a week before the wedding she'd been taken ill — a virus infection that dragged on for six weeks, sending her temperature soaring whilst her strength and her morale declined.

A feeling of desolation swept through her: why did life do these things to you? First killing her parents in that air disaster. Then, at the zenith of her new-found happiness with Charles, snatching him away from her.

For there had been no choice: Charles had no alternative but to carry out the orders of the firm that employed him and take up his assignment in Tripoli.

If only she could have followed him once she was well again; they could have been married in Tripoli. But Charles had said no, his mother had set her heart on a wedding from The Gables, it was the least they could do for her. Ann had been too weak to argue.

Too weak, also, to resist the almost overpowering kindness of Beatrice Cameron, who insisted that once she came out of hospital Ann should make The Gables her home until Charles returned — some six months later — for the postponed wedding.

Unwillingly, she had agreed. The truth was that Beatrice Cameron scared her to death.

Beneath all Mrs. Cameron's kindness Ann sensed a hard core of indomitable resolve, of quiet but fervent loyalties; a woman who lived by her word — and expected others to do so.

Ann sighed. If only Charles were here, but he was not due home for another month . . .

Her glance wandered back to Dick's photograph: the glinting eyes seemed to be mocking her. A concealed face, she thought irritably, sliding paper and carbon into the typewriter . . .

The face was looking at her across the softly lit drawing-room as Dick sprawled in an armchair after dinner on Friday. He had arrived at tea-time, complete with a large American car and a great deal of luggage.

He tipped ash from a cigar into the fireplace and lifted the glass in his hand towards the table lamp beside him; the liquid in it reflected red light, like a new scar, across his cheek.

"Come on, Mama, you haven't told me a thing yet." He smiled his impudent smile at Beatrice Cameron. "Who's dead or wed since I was last home?"

Even while he talked to his mother, his vivid glance was on Ann — taunting, dissecting, speculative. It made her feel uncomfortable.

Beatrice Cameron regarded her elder son with tolerant affection and Ann was struck, as always, by the older woman's good looks.

Born to the tradition of tweeds and cashmere by day, Mrs. Cameron looked her best in the evenings, when she changed into black velvet and pearls. With her crisp white hair, intelligent dark eyes, and remarkably unlined face, she was still beautiful — but also formidable.

Just now, she gathered up her spectacle case and the novel which lay unread on her lap. "I've had a busy day," she said, "and I feel tired. Don't forget to lock up, Dick."

He was instantly on his feet and at the door he leaned down to kiss her cheek. She added, "And don't keep Ann up late — she's still convalescing, you know."

Ann thought, I should have taken her cue and escaped, too. But the door had already closed. She was conscious of Dick walking back to the table.



In this calm, gracious room his presence seemed electric. There was a restless virility about him that made her feel colorless.

"Won't you have a drink?" he asked, but she declined.

He studied her in silence and once again she was aware of being ill at ease in his company.

"To coin a phrase," he began in his

mocking voice, "I don't think I should have recognised you again, Ann."

"That's hardly surprising," she replied coolly. "We only met twice."

"But I remember you extremely well — a funny little thing with a keep-off-the-grass look in your eyes. I thought you were rather sweet."

The tone was insolent and she could

He was dashing, debonair, and that was why she was so infatuated with him

have slapped his face. Instead, she ignored the comment.

He went on, "What on earth d'you find to do here all day long?"

"I help your mother with some of her committee work."

He chuckled. "That must be exciting; the palpitating moment when—by a single vote—the village hall acquires new curtains!"

"As a matter of fact, your mother does a lot of good work," she replied stiffly.

"My dear, I'm not denying it—and I'm devoted to her. I was merely thinking it could become a little tedious for someone as attractive as you."

She side-stepped the compliment. "And Charles will be home next month."

He stared at her blandly. "Tell me, can one still get any riding round here?"

"Mr. Burton has taken over Greenoaks Stables."

"Good—you and I will go riding tomorrow," he said, as if he'd been ordering her about all his life.

The weather held and, each morning, they rode. There was something exhilarating in the sharpness of the air, in the sense of freedom as they galloped across undulating country, in the glorious golden beauty of autumn.

Up here in the open, Dick seemed different, too—his flippant manner and cynical humor were no longer evident.

They had halted on the brow of the hill and were looking down on The Gables in the valley below.

"This is the best place on earth," he said softly, "at the best time of the year. When

I reach the autumn of my life, I'll come back and grow mellow here, too."

"At this moment, I almost believe you," she replied, smiling.

He wheeled his horse round and brought it alongside her own. "A fellow stops roving at some time," he answered quietly. "Shall we go back by Blueberry Farm?"

As they moved off, she wondered how true that really was of Dick.

On their return to The Gables, Beatrice Cameron came out of the study, a pile of stiff-backed envelopes in her hands.

Ann knew a moment of contrition. "I could have done those for you," she said quickly.

"Nonsense, my dear; far better for you to be in the fresh air while it's still fine. Besides, you've had a very dull time here with me, I'm afraid."

Dick came up behind them. "She seems to have thrived on it, Mama. Look at her!"

It was true: she was beginning to have that radiant sense of well-being; she felt better than she had for years; fresh air and exercise had added sparkle to her eyes and soft color to her skin. She glowed with beauty.

Afterwards, she could never be certain at what precise moment her reactions towards Dick underwent some subtle change. Except for the times when they rode together, she still disliked him as much as on the day of his arrival.

But somehow he had infiltrated himself into her thoughts, so that when he wasn't there she found herself wondering what he was doing.

At nights, in the suspended moments

before sleep overcame her, distorted images of him floated behind the lids of her eyes.

But he was too forceful a character for her ever to feel comfortable with: she disliked the way he had of scrutinising her when he thought that she wasn't looking and the taunting inflection in his voice.

"You've lost that keep-off-the-grass look in your eyes, Ann," he told her one evening after his mother had retired for the night. "But it's still there in your soul, isn't it? Admit it."

"Are you trying to be clever?"

"No. Just interested in what makes my future sister-in-law tick."

It annoyed her that she should feel nervous when he tried to trespass into her private world. "Come to that, what makes anyone tick?" she asked, keeping her voice casual.

He got up and came to stand in front of her chair. "Life, my dear," he said softly. "And the ability to stretch out both hands to accept it. But you're withdrawn—you're hiding in some little pink shell of your own making. You're afraid to come out and meet life."

She wished he'd move farther away; his personality was too magnetic at close quarters. "Is that your way of telling me I'm smug?" she asked.

"Heaven forbid!" He stood, smiling down at her. "Are you smug?"

"If being contented with one's circumstances is being smug—then, yes, I am. And, just now, I'm sleepy and I'm going up to bed." She started to move.

He stepped back to allow her to precede him to the door. "Why are you scared of Mama and me and the whole set-up?" He said it so gently that she was taken off-guard.

"How did you know?" she whispered.

"Your eyes . . . your hands . . . the way you breathe sometimes. Why, Ann?—why?"

"I don't know," she murmured. "I feel as if I don't belong . . ."

Almost tenderly he tilted her face towards him and looked deep into her eyes. "My dear little waif, you're talking utter nonsense. Now, go to bed and remember that as long as I'm here you do belong."

As she went upstairs she felt tears burning her eyes. She hadn't realised that Dick could be kind.

The next evening he was late for dinner. It was after eight when he came in and Mrs. Cameron and Ann had started without him.

"I'm sorry," he apologised. "I met Margot Sutton in Meadowfield and she insisted on dragging me home for a drink." His over-bright eyes regarded Ann. "You remember Margot, don't you? Used to be Margot Fane—she says you were at school together."

She remembered Margot quite clearly, a vivacious, rather lush brunette, whom she had never liked.

Dick was saying, "Her husband's abroad on business; she's having a few friends to a party on Saturday night and suggested I should bring Ann along. You, too, Mama, if you'd care to go?"

"I could think of nothing that I should enjoy less," Mrs. Cameron said with a smile. "But you go, by all means."

It was then that Ann observed the lipstick on Dick's handkerchief—he was stuffing it back into his pocket when she noticed the vivid stain.

She was stunned by the sudden surge of emotion welling up within her; the sharp fierceness of unexpected pain, the sick emptiness in the pit of her stomach that made her tremble.

"Are you feeling all right, Ann?" The older woman's voice reached her from a long way off. "You look pale, my dear."

She was aware of Dick's eyes, watching her with puzzled intentness. Making an effort she regained her composure.

"I feel quite all right," she replied quietly. "Maybe it's the light in here." She even managed to smile at Dick. "Yes, I'd like to meet Margot again," she said.

But after that evening she knew . . . there could be no further disguising the truth: somewhere along the way the barrier she had instinctively raised between herself and Dick had crumbled; her defences against his magnetism were down. She didn't like him—but she was wildly and irrationally attracted by him.

The tell-tale lipstick stain had aroused her to a pitch of longing that frightened her—had awakened a primitive jealousy she had never, in all her life, been aware of before.

Margot Sutton's house was modern; it exuded money and central heating. Margot herself pouted prettily at Dick, raised her face for his kiss, admonished him for being late, and then greeted Ann insincerely.

The whole party was on that level: there was too much to drink, too little to eat, too many pretty enamelled women. Dick was fussed and flattered with outrageously. He was, of course, the most attractive male in the room. It was obvious that he enjoyed it all enormously.

Driving back in the car she felt small and colorless and unwanted.

Presently, he said, "Enjoy it, Ann?"

"It was very nice."

"Margot's attractive, isn't she?"

"Very," she said coldly.

Suddenly he brought the car to a standstill, switching off the ignition, turning to stare at her. "Ann . . .!" His voice held a note

To page 39



"I'm just interested in what makes my future sister-in-law tick," Dick said smoothly.



A woman's place...

These days, a woman's place is not only in the home. It is also in business, the professions, and in many other avenues which were once undreamed of as occupations for women.

But whether women take their place in the home or in business they soon learn to appreciate the advantages of having their own cheque account.

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"He reached for his pocket. I grappled with him. It was a bag of chocolate creams!"

MOTHER



"There's one thing I can say about my kids — they might be little fiends at home, but they DO behave when they're out."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

NEWS that Emlyn Williams is coming to Australia next year for a season of Dickens readings set me speculating on the average age of his prospective audiences.

After conducting an informal poll among about a dozen teenagers and early twenties, I doubt the audiences will be young.

Two had the books on their home shelves and could describe the bindings. Two had read some Dickens. One of those was indifferent. The other "couldn't bear him."

Yet another said she knew who he was because she had read something by him in "Classic Comics."

I've never heard a professional reading of Dickens, but I've had some experience of non-professional readers.

When I was a child a doctor had the inconvenient notion that my eyes would be all the better for two years' rest. To help out over this dreary period my sister read aloud to me in bed. She chose for the first book "David Copperfield."

Both of us were already familiar with it, with the result that we both used to begin sniffing as soon as we approached the sad bits. Every evening we put down the book with contented sobs.

And that reminds me, I haven't had a good cry over a book for years. The last one was Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

So I'm looking forward to Mr. Williams. I'll be there with two extra handkerchiefs.

★ ★ ★

"IT'S those koalas that started the whole thing," said an old-man kangaroo in an exclusive interview back o' Bourke.

He was speaking of last week's scenes on Fifth Avenue, New York, when a kangaroo wearing a rhinestone collar took part in the opening of new Qantas offices.

"The koalas are such limelight-hogs," he continued. "Never happier than when hugging a celebrity for the Press or movie cameras."

"Like us, they belong to an old marsupial family—and should be above this sort of publicity-hunting."

"However, we must move with the times. I read an article only last week pointing out that in human society modelling is now accepted as a career for daughters of the best families and is regarded as one of the best avenues for meeting a millionaire, view mat."

"The same advantages apply in a limited way only to kangaroos. Doubtless a kangaroo in a rhinestone collar would be looked on favorably in the Bronx Zoo if you like that sort of life. And there is always a possibility of making a career in films."

"Out here on the old home plains we take a pretty critical view of this kind of thing, though we can't help noting that there were several other celebrities at the opening—Sir Percy Spender, Mr. Harold Holt, Lew Hoad. And in all the accounts I read, only Sir Percy and the kangaroo rated a mention."

THE Miss Universe contest in America has had its usual quota of incidents.

First, Miss America was disqualified because she proved to be Mrs., not Miss. Then the winner, Miss Peru, was discovered to be three months under the minimum age of 18, but was allowed to keep the title of Miss Universe.

The committee claimed to have considered the matter earnestly. They decided it was all right because the Peruvian Ambassador explained that anybody in Peru over 17 years

and six months is considered to be 18.

It is my belief that the committee felt they couldn't go through it all again and seized on this somewhat specious excuse with relief.

If it is true that in Peru you are 18 when you would be 17 anywhere else, then you must be 30 when you would pass as 29 in other parts of the world. I don't know how the ladies over 25 put up with it.

Actually I have adopted a little trick of my own for several years. Six months in advance of a birthday, I begin (in secret) to regard my age as having reached the next milestone. Then, when the birthday arrives, I am pleasantly surprised instead of shocked.

But a device like this is strictly for personal use. It would be infuriating to have anyone else add a year to one's age. Indeed, if I had to fill in a form the day before the birthday I'd use last year's figure.

For future Miss Universe contests it might be possible to take the Peruvian idea a step further and give all the girls the same birthday, like racehorses. At 18 they wouldn't care.

★ ★ ★

SIGNS of a cold wind blowing in the restaurant trade?

At King's Cross, Sydney, where there are now so many restaurants that you could dine at a different one every day for a month, some are putting their prices in the window.

Not only the spaghetti-on-toast, three-and-six places, either. One which treasured an expensive reputation for a long time now plugs an eight-and-sixpenny businessman's lunch in large letters on the window.

★ ★ ★

FROM a do-it-yourself feature in a newspaper: "When troubled there is just one thing for you to do. Get out your hammer and saw and build an article of furniture."

Father started building what-nots To relieve his fits of gloom.

Soon such signs of his ill-humor Cluttered up the living-room.

Hammering and sawing nightly Nearly drove poor mother mad.

"On the whole," she used to mutter, "I preferred your father sad."

Then with shattered nerves she, likewise, Took to making bedside rugs, Till they both—the house walls bulging—Turned to tranquillising drugs.

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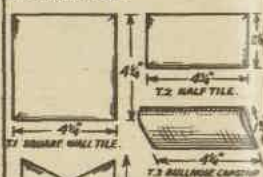


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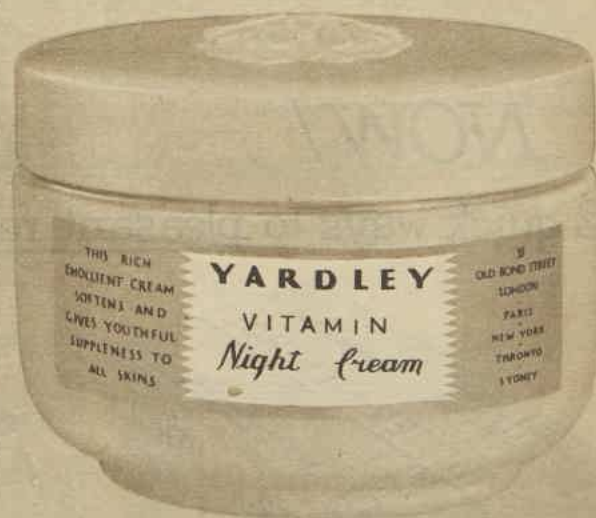
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Worth Reporting

Met her namesake

● First prize of £20 in our contest this week goes to Sandra Dunbar, 23 King Street, Manly Vale, N.S.W.

LORD MORTON of Henryton included some much-appreciated stories in his address, "Reflections on some laws affecting conjugal and family life," during the opening ceremony of the 10th Legal Convention at Melbourne University's Wilson Hall.

One concerned an ingenious town clerk.

Before 1857 there was no way of getting a divorce in England except by Act of Parliament. The town clerk tried and failed.

Some time later the borough decided to alter its water supply, and in doing so had to re-route the drains. The town clerk helped to draw up the plans and slipped in his petition for a divorce.

When the Act came to be passed it was "Drains shown shall no longer be used and the marriage of the town clerk is hereby dissolved."

★ ★ ★
A FEW more items from the £10,000 party Mike Todd gave at Battersea Pleasure Gardens after the premiere of his "Around the World in 80 Days."

Double-decker buses took guests from the Astoria Cinema to the Charing Cross pier for Battersea.

Seen boarding a bus and teetering stiletto-heeled on the back platform was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who cried: "Come on, Doug; let's go up. We can smoke on top."

And the Duchess of Marlborough inquired of her Duke: "Bert, have you got the tickets?"

Happy to know you, Mrs. Barnes

MRS. B. H. BARNES, 85, of Campsie, N.S.W., wrote to us recently and described herself as "a dinki-di Australian, and proud of it."

July, she said, was the 100th anniversary of her parents' arrival in Sydney—six weeks before the wreck of the Dunbar on August 18, 1857.

"My father and uncle carted the timber for the first six cottages in Manly."

"At that time they worked for a Mr. Elphinstone, just around the corner from Grace Brothers, near where a Presbyterian Church now stands."

"I am the second youngest of their 10 children. My eldest brother was born in the Bay of Biscay, and lived to be 91. My youngest brother is 87, I am 85, and my youngest sister is 79."

"Water Queen" for New Guinea

ATTRACTIVE 19-year-old Dorothy Rathbone, of Griffith, N.S.W.—this year's Water Wheel Festival Queen—passed through Sydney en route to New Guinea.

Dorothy, who had the choice of a South Sea Island cruise or a trip to New Guinea as her prize, plans to visit some of the battlefields of Lae, Madang, and the Kokoda Trail, where her brothers fought in World War II.

A former school friend, Maureen Mills, also of Griffith, is travelling with her.

The Water Wheel Festival was inaugurated last year to raise money to build a city hall in Griffith. This year's festival raised £2500.



Through the lens to London

BILL ANGOVE, a former candid photographer in Perth (W.A.), is now photographing international ballet and theatrical personalities in London.

Some of his subjects include Ludmilla Tcherina, Claire Bloom, Robert Helpmann, John Gilpin, Anton Dolin, and Alicia Markova.

Bill says: "In eight years after the war I went to about 1000 weddings, plus christenings and other functions."

"Calculating on two and a half ounces of cake at each function, I must have eaten more than a ton of cake in that time."

Bill credits an article in The Australian Women's Weekly, illustrated by his color pictures, for his start in London.

Since his arrival there he has created a few minor sensations. One occurred when he took a skeleton to his studio in a taxi, and another concerned a model falling into a fountain in Trafalgar Square.

Melbourne display run on "tick"

MELBOURNE people recently saw an interesting exhibition of clocks at the Time Exhibition, arranged by the Victorian Horological Guild and the Brotherhood of St. Laurence to benefit Brotherhood funds.

Among the eye-catchers were some old "Jumping Dial" or "Book" clocks. These are glass cylinders on ornate silver or brass bases with matching tops.

Inside the cylinders are small, numbered cards arranged around a centre pin like an open book, which move to indicate the time.

Delicate "claws" hold the leaves open until they slip out of reach and the next "minute" flicks over.

A Huygens cylindrical alarm clock of ornamental glass also was exhibited.

This has a narrow, tape-like "face" which moves around behind one rigid hand at the front.

Another of the "rigid-hand" type shown was a delicate French china vase-clock covered with pink roses. Its hand is the tongue of a golden serpent curled round the clock.

Among the carved-wood clocks was the "Trumpeter." It looks like a miniature castle and on every hour a trumpeter appears to play a tune.

★ ★ ★
A MELBOURNE acquaintance reports sighting a frisky Labrador romping round the back seat of a big sedan, wearing four tailored "mittens" of suede to match the upholstery.

Sandra is 12. Here is her winning entry:

When I was only a few months old, my mother carried me aboard a bus and sat next to a passenger who was also holding a baby.

As the journey went on the two mothers started talking.

"What is your baby's name?" my mother asked.

"We couldn't think of a nice name until a few days before she was born," said the stranger. "Then we saw a notice in the newspaper announcing the birth of Sandra Dawn Dunbar."

We thought it was a lovely name and chose it for our baby."

Mother smiled, and, showing me to the lady, said, "Meet Sandra Dawn Dunbar."

Prizes of £5 were awarded the following:

ONE Saturday a recipe I wanted was to be broadcast on the radio, and I asked my husband to take it down. He wrote:

"Put the syrup into small saucepan. Put your hands straight up and heat slowly until boiling. Put your hands down, and jump with legs apart. Blend cornflour with a little cold water. With your left hand touch your right leg. Pour boiling syrup on top."

At this stage my husband shouted, "I think this is crazy. Come and see."

I looked at the radio and found it was between two stations, one giving the women's programme and the other a session on "How to Slim."

Mrs. G. Deguara, 8 Richardson St., Brunswick, Vic.

Undersea escape

PEARL-DIVING in 12 fathoms of water off Onslow, Western Australia, I saw through my face-glass what appeared to be weed waving in the drift.

In reality it was a giant groper, disturbed from his chosen cavern and in aggressive mood. As I stopped to pick up a pair of shells his impact sent me sprawling. I was caught by the helmet, shaken violently, then suddenly released.

On the other end of the lifeline the violent and spasmodic jerking told the men on the tender that something was amiss. They soon pulled me up, and I told my story, with teethmarks on the brass helmet as proof.

We concluded that the side-valve must have released air bubbles into the monster's mouth, inducing him to break his grip.

Mr. R. W. Penna, 70 McMillan St., Victoria Park, W.A.

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A cripple, said doctors —you should see her now

By PEGGY KELSALL

● Ten years ago a doctor told Mrs. Bruce Gardiner she would spend the rest of her life in a wheelchair — helplessly crippled. Today she does her own housework, plays the piano, and spends an hour every day in her private gymnasium.

MRS. GARDINER is a victim of multiple sclerosis, the mysterious nerve disease which strikes without warning at healthy adults in the 20-to-40 age group.

The story of her fight back to an active life after having been condemned to permanent invalidism is one of courage.

Multiple sclerosis is believed to be caused by a virus infection of nerve fibres in the brain and spinal cord, resulting in weakness, loss of balance, double vision, tremors, and a shuffling or staggering walk.

There is no known cure, but in Europe and the U.S. clinics have been established to help sufferers regain muscular health and teach them how to make the best of their disability.

More than 6000 adults in Australia are victims of the disease, and nearly 50 new cases are diagnosed each year.

Sydney clinic

Since June last year a group of Sydney people, many of them multiple sclerosis sufferers, have held several public meetings to promote the formation of an Australian Multiple Sclerosis Society.

A few weeks ago the society was registered as a charity, and a drive for funds to build a clinic in Sydney began.

The main aim of the society, however, is to contact multiple sclerosis sufferers throughout Australia, and to keep them informed on new methods of treatment.

Until clinics are established in Australia, the treatment of multiple sclerosis remains largely a matter of individual

effort by the person concerned and continued physiotherapy to prevent muscle deterioration.

Mrs. Gardiner and her husband, a teacher, were living at Griffith, N.S.W., when the first symptoms of multiple sclerosis appeared.

Mrs. Gardiner, a keen golfer, one day noticed after a game that her right leg was a little stiff.

She dismissed it as muscle "tiredness," but when she developed muscular spasms in a few days she consulted a doctor.

"The doctor told my husband to take me to a specialist in Macquarie Street, Sydney, who said that in his opinion I would be in a wheelchair within a few months," she said.

"My first reaction to this was one of utter despair. My son, Graeme, was only seven years old and my life had been very active.

"I couldn't imagine myself in a wheelchair, and as my legs became stiffer and I gradually lost muscular control I became deeply depressed.

"Depression is one of the worst aspects of multiple sclerosis.

"Actually, the best way to stop the disease spreading is to exercise regularly.

"But when even the slightest movement is an effort, there's not much incentive.

"Now, ten years later, I know that the love and understanding of my husband and son, both of whom refused to let me become miserable, was, perhaps, my greatest help."

Two years after the first



DUMB-BELLS are used to strengthen the arms and to help regain body balance. "At first," said Mrs. Gardiner, "I could hardly lift my arms above my head."

symptoms, and despite physiotherapy, Mrs. Gardiner had developed further stiffening of her arms and hands, slightly impaired speech, and loss of balance.

"My husband and son would take me for long walks — up to six miles — to try to keep my leg muscles functioning," she said.

"But the disease seemed to be spreading at an alarming rate.

Determination

"In 1949, despite my protests at leaving my family, my husband arranged for me to spend six months at the Kabat-Kaiser Multiple Sclerosis Clinic at Oakland, San Francisco.

"I'm not sure whether it was homesickness or sheer determination that drove me, but within two months I was well enough to come back to Australia.

"My speech was normal, I had regained my sense of balance, I could write, and play the piano, and I could walk normally.

"Clinic patients had a daily programme of exercise that would make a healthy person shudder.

"Each morning, from 8 till 9, we were instructed by a physiotherapist.

"From 9 till 10 a.m. we worked out in the gymnasium with dumb-bells, iron boots, and weighted ropes hung from the wall.

"After exercise periods we were taught by occupational therapists to regain the full use of fingers and hands.

"Afternoons were set aside for rest, but patients who felt equal to it were allowed to use the gymnasium.

"Each day I tried to do a little more exercise, and every

exercise completed with a personal triumph.

"When I left the clinic I brought back some special equipment and continued to treat myself.

"There's an upright appliance which has weights on steel pulleys used to exercise leg muscles, and usually the weight lifted is up to 20lb.

"The same appliance can be used for bicycle exercises, to help develop muscular control.

"I use the 5lb. dumb-bells for arm and balance exercises, and sometimes I feel I'll develop into a circus strong-woman if I keep it up.

"I also have a pair of iron boots for ankle exercises.

"Daily walks are best, though, and my husband and son never let me miss them. Either one will insist on taking me out every afternoon."

Mrs. Gardiner, her husband, and her son live in a neat brick cottage in the grounds of Hurlstone Agricultural College, Sydney, where Mr. Gardiner is deputy headmaster and Graeme is a pupil.

Plant hobby

She does most of her own housework, and because she can't cope with a large garden has made a hobby of growing indoor plants.

Mrs. Gardiner, through courage and determination, has overcome the biggest problem of the multiple sclerosis sufferer—learning how to live with the disease.

Footnote: The executive of the Australian Multiple Sclerosis Society is anxious to contact anyone who could make available office space to be used as a clinic. Donations or inquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, Australian Multiple Sclerosis Society, 9 Clarendon Street, Vauluse, N.S.W.

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make white
clothes a
dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins



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ON THE EDGE of her exercise-table, Mrs. Gardiner uses weights and pulleys to strengthen weakened leg muscles. As the muscle strength improves, heavier weights are lifted.



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DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● Big-and-little-sister fashions are new again for the coming season. I chose the twosome illustrated here in answer to a reader's query.

HERE is the letter and my reply:

"Would you please suggest a style for summer pyjamas for my two daughters? The eldest girl is 15 and wears a 34in. pattern, and the younger child is a tall 8-year-old. I would also like a suggestion for a good-wearing, easy-to-wash material."

I have chosen identical de-

signs (right) in answer to your letter. The pyjamas are neatly tailored in cotton check gingham. I hope they are just what you had in mind and that you will like them sufficiently well to order the paper patterns. Above the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I AM being married for the second time and would like to know the correct attire

to wear. The wedding is at 4 p.m. and takes place in early September. I did think of a coat and matching dress and would like to wear a pastel. What shades are being worn in spring?"

At a second marriage the bride would be correctly dressed as if for a formal luncheon or an afternoon party. A coat and matching dress in any of the new-again

pastels, honey-beige, pink, lilac, and underwater-blue, would be perfect.

"WOULD you suggest accessories to smarten a beige wool suit from last year?"

I suggest a flowered lawn or muslin shirt in pink and white, and a pink sou'wester hat plus beige shoes, gloves, and handbag.

"PLEASE give me some help in planning a spring outfit. I want a coat in wool and a frock in silk. Is navy being worn? It always suits me, more so with a touch of white. My size is 35½in. bust, 26in. waist, and about 37in. hips, height 5ft. 5in."

You couldn't do better than choose navy and white for a spring ensemble — it is right back in fashion. For the dress I suggest silk surah, or a similar material, in navy-blue printed with a white polka dot; for the coat, navy flannel. Have the latter cut straight and easy, collarless, and bound with matching braid and buttoned with brass buttons. Have the dress made with a slightly bloused bodice top finished with a collar and large, soft, self-material bow. Have the skirt slim with trouser pleats below the waistline to create the new "fuller" look and the waistline finished with a narrow cummerbund belt in the dress fabric.

DS256:—Two-piece pyjamas in sizes 32 to 38in. bust require 4½yds. 36in. material; price 4/6. DS257 (two-piece pyjamas for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years) require 3 to 3½yds. 36in. material; price 3/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

STYLED FOR GROWING HAIR

By *CAROLYN EARLE*

● If you are growing your hair and would like to wear a chignon, here is how to fix it.

ESSENTIAL to a chignon is a firm foundation. This is made by drawing your hair smoothly (whatever its length) through a strong rubber band.

Now follow one of these methods:—

● If the hair is still short, cover the loose ends with a ready-made chignon.

A real-hair chignon may cost several guineas, but you can easily make up your own, using a nylon switch, which is much cheaper.

● Hair that is four to six inches long can be coiled round an inexpensive bun-ring.

Slip the ring over the rubber band, divide your hair into strands, and, using a tail-comb, roll up each strand and pin firmly behind the ring. Work round in a circle.

● Really long hair needs no padding, looks better in a coil rather than a bun. Fasten your coil, top and bottom, with rubber bands and use large, strong hair-pins.



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Wonderful new
Sunsilk Shampoo
is another product
of the famous
House of Pears.
Have you tried it yet?

From the looms of Ireland



UNUSUAL and brilliant designing by Miss Connolly is shown in the poncho-like cape-coat (above). The material is raw Irish linen interwoven with horizontal stripes of rough white wool. This material is used extensively by the designer for casual and formal fashions throughout the Connolly Australian collection.

● Perfection in taste characterises the Sybil Connolly clothes on these pages.

Miss Connolly has glamorised linen and illustrates how exotic it can look when interwoven with wool; she uses it for high fashion.

Also in the collection is baineen (pronounced bawn-eeen); it is the Irish national undyed flannel, famous for its durability.

The Irish Fashion Parades open at David Jones Ltd., Sydney, in the Great Restaurant on August 10 before going on tour of Australia.



MID-SEASON OUTFIT. Superb creamy beige check tweed (above) is used for the vast tent-coat with its big patch pockets. The coat is worn over a beige linen sheath-dress with a deep rounded neckline and peg-top skirt. The belt of the dress matches the tweed of the coat and the band and buckle of the beige felt helmet-like hat.



"WHIMSICAL" (above) is the name of this dress and jacket ensemble. The strapless dress—made in linen striped with wool—has a moulded bodice and full skirt. The jacket is beige linen.

DOUBLE-BREADED beige tweed suit (right) has a short loose jacket finished with large revers and raglan-type sleeves. The skirt is slim. The suit is worn with a saxe-blue hat and matching blouse.





"AFTER FIVE" (above) is the name Miss Connolly has chosen for this short-skirted princess-line evening dress. The dress is gossamer-pleated in midnight-blue linen and is piped vertically with matching satin. The tiny sleeves are finished with kerchief ties in the same satin.



SUIT (left), in lilac-and-white check, has a short-cut box jacket finished with a double-breasted two-button fastening, set just above waist level. The revers, collar, side vents, and hem are outlined with stitching. The straight skirt features soft, unpressed trouser pleats.

EXOTIC evening separates (right): a floor-length skirt in beige Irish linen interwoven with stripes of white wool and a strapless top shirred in vivid orange hand-woven wool. The voluminous skirt has an alternative top matched to its own material.



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Continuing

Joe Was So Shy

from page 19

gloom that you were wallowing in just now? Is it the family?"

Marion's face lost its brightness. "Well, it's a bit complicated. Mother may even guess, and she's probably only too ready to help her only chick down from her dusty shelf. But there's Dad, and you know how he is towards anyone who wasn't born singing 'Rule Britannia!' He all but speaks broken English to Joe even now. And then—" Marion faltered—"then there's Joe."

"Joe? What do you mean, there's Joe?"

"He's so shy. And oh, Yvonne! All the picking and everything will be over in a few days and his contract will be completed with this harvest, and unless something happens I may never see him again!"

"I don't want to seem vulgarly curious, Marion, but am I to understand there's nothing definite between you and Joe yet?"

"Oh, no! He's too shy."

"And yet you feel so sure."

"Oh, yes. Oh, Yvonne, you must know how these things happen! A look and a remark, and something becomes enormously funny or tragic and you're both involved. Or do you think I'm being ridiculous at thirty-three, and that makes me a whole year older than he is?"

"I don't think you could do anything ridiculous! I'm quietly intrigued to hear you contemplating something a little off focus, because I always thought that you'd regard falling in love in much the same way as you'd go about making a cake—have everything weighed up and the oven just ready."

"Well this looks like one occasion where I'm all set for a failure if someone can't suggest to Dad that he needs Joe for a son-in-law. And that's why I'm mooning over here, instead of helping mother. I want you and Tom to help me. And fast."

"Something like Tom clouting your father into the irrigation channel and Joe coming to the rescue?"

Marion laughed and jumped up. "Something like that! I can hear Tom coming. Telling you has been quite enough. I just couldn't face the friend of my childhood. Do try to think up something to help me."

And Marion, the competent, the confident and serene, fled like any uncertain schoolgirl.

"The old fox!" Tom said. It was safely after dinner before he was told. He sipped his beer. "The cunning fox. Picks out the best block and the best cook in the district, and looks like bringing home the bacon on both counts."

"They are practically being handed to him, dear." Yvonne put down her glass. "Joe's intentions are a little obscure. As far as I can gather, the most he has done is to exchange glances over the grapes."

"How's his form?" murmured Tom. "But good luck to him. I'll let him marry the girl. But I won't have any hand in matchmaking."

"It's a little more than matchmaking, dear. It's parent-making, too. Marion would like us to make her father see that Joe is absolutely necessary to complete the family circle. Don't you think?"

"No, I don't." Tom positively bleated in masculine horror. "Whatever you're going to suggest, I couldn't. If Marion can organise things this far she can go the rest of the way without me. Or you. Don't get involved in family affairs."

Next morning Yvonne waved

the sharp cutting knife in her gloved hand towards the dividing fence of the two properties.

Marion, already grotesque with red dust and sweat, parted the heavy vines and leaned over the fence. She put her head on one side, questioningly.

"No go," Yvonne smiled wryly. "Tom gives you his blessing, but won't lift a finger to help. But stroll over to our place after dinner tonight. I'm thinking hard. There's Joe—do I smile encouragingly at him?"

Marion recoiled in alarm. "Good gracious, no! I'd hate him to know I'd breathed a word to anyone. I'll have to go, so I'll see you tonight, thanks, Yvonne."

"I've been thinking," announced Yvonne, rummaging in her work-basket that evening. "In Europe, in the old countries, they have quite a festival at the end of the grape harvest, don't they?"

"Um, quite a beano!" Tom was in the depths of a newspaper. "Dancing on the grapes, pouring wine back into mother earth, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, with so many of our neighbors and harvest hands from the old countries, why don't we organise a little festival of our own? The picking finishes at the end of the week, so why not get together with Marion's family and have a night of fun?"

Jealousy comes more from self-love than from true love.

—La Rochefoucauld.

"Where would you consider to be the best place to hold this little festival?"

"We'll," Yvonne very carefully chose a strand of silk. "I can't think of a more suitable place than the big lawn at the back of Marion's. Someone always seems to have music and there could be dancing and little tables to sit at."

"I'm sure it would be fun." Tom slid a knowing glance nowhere in particular. "Darling, did I say Joe was a cunning old fox? Is it purely by chance that I hear the pitter-pat of wee Maid Marion's feet?"

He grinned over his shoulder as he went to open the door. "However, remember that when we discover Joe has wives and small fry scattered all over Europe that this was your idea!"

But Marion's father was so immediately enthusiastic that everyone, including himself, began to regard it as his idea. Yvonne was well content.

Especially as an ecstatic Marion reported that he had pounced on Joe and set him up as chief adviser. "They've almost got their heads together over where to put a string of fairy lights that Dad has ordered."

She and her mother deserted the racks and dipping-tanks for the entire day before the chosen night, to cook in sufficient quantities to succor the entire countryside.

The night was black, star-sprinkled, and as Yvonne looked round at the gathering crowd she felt a thrill of pride.

"Wonderful gathering," she heard Marion's father boom. "Can't understand why I didn't think of this before!"

A band had been hired, and when it was not playing someone was strumming airs from old places which produced spontaneous little bursts of harmony, nostalgic at first but growing happier all the time.

Suddenly a space was cleared on the lawn and a group came forward with musical instruments. A quivering chord hummed in the warm night and in the surprised silence a young girl appeared, arms raised in a graceful gesture. She wore a colorful costume, and as she stepped forward in a spirited dance a man sprang to join her.

Yvonne saw that it was Joe. To his usual sports clothes he had added a brilliant cummerbund and a scarf was on his head, making him altogether different from the quiet, dusty fellow she had hitherto seen plodding among the vines.

She became aware of Marion standing beside her, and she was rather touched at the mingled pride and surprise with which Marion regarded her beloved.

"I had no idea—about this! It's a complete surprise." She whispered as Joe leaped a nimble way through the intricate dance. "Isn't he wonderful! I don't know who the girl is. I do hope father's watching."

The dance was somewhat lengthy, and the climax waxed and waned and finally vibrated to a last lingering and quite lusty embrace. Yvonne did not look at Marion, but she sensed her stiffen somewhat.

This was followed by a modern jangle, and the girl, laughing but fatigued, was about to sit and accept a glass of wine when Joe seized her, drew her close, and forced her to dance.

And that was pretty much how it was from then on. Whether dancing or sitting at one of the little tables watching other dancers, the girl was not out of Joe's reach. She was gay, pretty, and very young.

Yvonne found Tom sitting with a merry group.

"Look," she whispered, "you stay on if you wish. But just help me home with Melissa's crib."

Tom rose with an undeniable smirk.

"All right," she said, as they walked towards the house, "so it was a lousy idea! But please don't say so just now. I feel dreadful. Joe too shy! All I can say is it's a good thing Marion found him out in time. She's in her room crying her eyes out."

"Don't be too hard on poor Joe," whispered Tom, as they carefully picked their way along the dark verandah among the various cribs and baskets. "Marion just made a ghastly mistake. After all, she said he'd never made any definite advances..." He reached out a cautious hand and pointed.

Two men had paused outside the wired verandah.

"Now you stop worrying Joe!" said Marion's father. "Our little plan is nearly worked out. Her mother says she's crying. Couldn't be better. Now you go and say your little piece. She may have the last bit of Irish temper in the family, but don't let it scare you. Tell her I won't have anyone else for a son-in-law. I'm off to congratulate that little cousin of yours! best idea I ever had, there!"

They parted.

Tom's smile quivered in the gloom.

"Didn't I say Joe was a cunning old fox! Couldn't have worked it out better myself! Still want to go home?"

Yvonne tucked in a corner of the net around her sleeping babe. "No fear," she laughed. "Somehow I think the night is about to begin. Come and dance with me."

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A MAN NOTICES
—THE LAST THING
HE FORGETS

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perfume steals upon
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of triumph. "Oh, my dear, I believe you're jealous!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Dick."

She twisted her body away from him, but he slid an arm round her, pulling her gently to his side of the car.

"So you've come out of your little pink shell at last?"

She could feel his breath on her cheek, his hand against her bare arm.

"My darling little idiot," he whispered. She saw him out of focus, through half-closed eyes, as her lips met his.

She dared not question what was happening to her. Deliberately she refused to examine the turmoil in her heart: it was sufficient to exist from one day to another.

Once she found Beatrice Cameron regarding her curiously and she froze in panic. The older woman must never suspect: Charles was her favorite son; she would never, for an instant, tolerate disloyalty to him.

Sleepless, she wept aloud to Charles: Why didn't you let me follow you . . . oh, my darling, why did this have to happen after everything else?

At those moments she hated Dick . . .

Once he took her roughly in his arms. "Ann, what are you playing at? You're not in love with Charles, you're in love with me."

It was late at night and they were alone in the darkness of the hall.

"Dick — please . . . let me go."

In the half-light from the landing above she saw his eyes glint with sudden laughter. "Don't tell me you've got scruples about being kissed in the family mansion?" he asked mockingly.

Anger welled within her. "I detest you!" she whispered.

"You don't, you know, darling . . ." His arms tightened round her as his mouth sought hers. For a moment she thought she heard the sound of a door closing softly on the landing above them and her heart beat wildly in fear. But

the house was old — and filled with noises by night.

Beatrice Cameron looked at her son across the breakfast table.

"Dick — how long are you staying this time?" she asked casually.

He stopped eating and burst into laughter. "Good gracious, Mama, are you trying to get rid of me?"

A very faint flush crept into the older woman's cheeks. It was the first time that Ann had ever seen Beatrice Cameron out of countenance.

"Of course not, Dick. I was only wondering . . ."

He pushed his cup forward for more coffee. "As a matter of fact," he said calmly, "I've got to be back in Paris next Monday; I'm not sure how long yet."

Ann's hand shook as she put down her knife. Why did Dick have to administer these shocks to her in front of his mother?

"Isn't anyone going to say they're sorry?" Dick grinned at them both. "I'm hurt!"

"Why didn't you tell me you were leaving?" she asked him later.

"Because, my sweet child, I only decided to go at that moment." He took her hand and swung it in his. They were walking down the lane to Greenoak Stables.

"I see." She pulled her hand away.

"Do you? I doubt it. And I'm not going to Paris — I'm going to London. Come, too?"

"How could I possibly go to London with you?"

"Not with me, my sweet — after me."

She began to laugh helplessly. "You're terribly sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"I'm only sure it would do you a world of good. Think of the fun we could have together. Good heavens, there's nothing wrong in the idea, is there? Don't you trust me?"

Of course she didn't trust him — any more than she

Continuing . . . Every Woman Loves a Cad

from page 29

trusted herself these days, and she had no intention of joining him in London.

But she hadn't reckoned on what it would be like when he left. All the desolation she had experienced before his arrival returned to engulf her.

She received a note from Dick in a typewritten envelope: "Take the plunge, darling, even if it's only for a couple of days. I've got first-night seats for the new Haymarket play next Wednesday. Can I meet you on the two-thirty train? Please, say yes, Dick."

What possible harm could it do? It would be no different meeting Dick in town than it had been here. The idea became an obsession in her mind.

She wrote back straight away: "I'll be on the two-thirty."

At tea-time she found herself saying, "I thought I'd go up to London next week to do some shopping."

Beatrice Cameron's hands were quite still. "Why not, my dear?"

Was it her imagination or was there a stiffness in the older woman's voice. But Beatrice Cameron believed Dick to be in Paris. She couldn't guess.

"I thought of going up on Wednesday and staying for a couple of days . . . if that's all right with you?"

"It's entirely up to you, Ann. I shall miss you — but you'll be back." Again there was some undercurrent in the voice that Ann couldn't explain.

On Tuesday she borrowed the car to go into Meadowfield to cash a cheque at the bank.

Driving slowly back, through a countryside-draped in mist, she was aware, for the first time, of what it would really mean if she went to London.

All the arguments she had tossed about in her mind since that day when Dick had first suggested it were suddenly

stripped of their flippant superficiality: if she were to meet him now, it would be for one reason only — it would be because she was in love with him.

She let herself in the front door of The Gables with the clumsy old key that had not been changed in decades.

In the hall, Beatrice Cameron was holding a cablegram. "It's for you, my dear," she said quietly. "They telephoned the contents while you were out: Charles is coming home."

For an instant, the two women stared at each other, unspoken question and answer deep within their eyes. Then Ann felt the blood drain from her face.

"Home? When?" she asked breathlessly.

Plenty, as well as want, can separate friends.

—William Cowper.

"Tomorrow. Isn't it wonderful. They must have advanced his leave date or something." She handed the cable to Ann.

Slowly she felt life creep back to her limbs as she read: "Lucky break darling arrive Heathrow noon Wednesday meet me Meadowfield five p.m. love, Charles."

Beatrice Cameron watched the changing emotions cross the girl's delicate face: relief, wonderment, and then a soft radiance that touched the older woman's heart.

"I won't go to London," she said slowly, as if to herself.

"No, of course, you needn't. There's a fire in the study, Ann, and tea's ready."

For the first time Ann noticed, as she followed her into the study, that Beatrice Cameron walked as if she were an old woman — old and tired.

It didn't seem possible that Charles was home, that she could put out her hand and touch him, run her fingers

through his thick, shiny hair, feel the strength of his arms, hear the tenderness of his voice.

She forgot the panic of the night before, when she had been unable to send a telegram to Dick: Beatrice Cameron had a telephone extension to her bedroom and would have heard the call. Even at the memory of Dick, Ann shivered. How perilously near she had been to betraying Charles — and for nothing at all.

Even now she still felt as if she would never quite be able to make up to him for having so nearly been trapped by a worthless infatuation.

Beatrice Cameron was changing for dinner and Charles was pouring sherry in the dining-room when they heard the sound of a car drawing up before the house.

"Who can that be, darling?" Charles looked at Ann.

Before she could answer, Dick's deep voice called imperiously from the hall. "Ann, where the devil are you?"

The door swung open and Dick stood there looking straight at Ann, his expression charged with angry desire and purpose. Ann stood frozen with apprehension, her glass half raised to her lips.

"Whatever happened, darling?" Dick stopped as Charles stepped forward. There was a fraction of a second's pause while the two brothers stared at each other.

Then Dick flung out his arm and pushed the door to violently behind him. "What brings you back?" he demanded of his brother in a sudden burst of anger.

And then, as though realising that the spontaneous rage had been too revealing, he went on, "Good lord, Charles, how do you get around?"

"And so it appears do you." There was almost defensive anger in Charles' face. "We thought you were in Paris — or was I the only one to be surprised?"

Ann watched them anxiously — these two brothers, so unlike.

Suddenly she saw the familiar mocking glint return to Dick's eyes.

"I am going to Paris tomorrow," he said casually. "Got held up in town for a week and then remembered a case of stuff I needed from here. Ann was going to send it on for me — she must have forgotten." Dick smiled straight into her eyes.

Charles relaxed, his voice was unhurried and warm: "Good show. I'm glad I haven't missed you. They sent me back a month early. But the wedding date still stands. Dick."

"I'll be there — unless I'm sent to New York. Where's Mama?"

"Changing, I think. You're staying, I hope?"

"For a drink and a quick meal. Got to be back in town before morning."

Charles gave Ann a slow, gentle smile. "Strange bloke, Dick. Never knows where he's going to be next."

She linked her arm in his and raised her glass to Dick. "Here's to a good trip," she said lightly.

"And to you both," he replied. For an instant he looked straight at her and she could have sworn he winked.

Much later that night, Beatrice Cameron stood alone in the dining-room. She was very tired, but there was a feeling of peace in her heart.

Thank heavens she'd acted in time. Thank heavens that, as a girl, she'd known Percy Miles, who was now Charles' boss, and that he'd never quite forgotten her.

On the day she had telephoned him in London she had been very near desperation and he had understood immediately, promising to recall Charles from Tripoli forthwith.

She glanced up at the portrait of her husband . . . yes, she thought, Dick had always been extraordinarily like his father . . .

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dead one, was true and the other false, then living had accomplished nothing; it had been a waste of time.

"It is very hard for you to have lost them both," said the sister.

Both? I thought for one moment that she meant Marie-Noel, that she had heard the story of the missing child. Then I remembered.

"There's a daughter," I said, "eleven years old."

"Dr. Moutier told me you would have had a son," she went on.

I went back to the others and Paul said to me, "You had better get home to St. Gilles. I've telephoned to Gaston to bring the Citroen. Blanche and I will stay here to make arrangements, and Gaston can drive you and Renee in the Renault."

I could tell, by their faces, that they had been discussing what must be done. Nothing was referred to me direct. Mistakenly, the bereaved are left alone to indulge grief. It would have been better to give me something to discuss, to sign, to arrange. Instead I watched them, silent, ineffectual.

When Gaston came I sensed relief. They wanted me out of the way. Renee silently pushed me into the front seat, herself got into the back, and we drove away.

The closed shutters of the chateau were the first sign of mourning, and I supposed that Gaston, after Paul had telephoned from the hospital, had given orders for this to be done.

Gaston had also given orders for a meal to be laid in the dining-room, for none of us had touched any food. More to satisfy him, I think, than ourselves, we sat down and ate mechanically. Renee, subdued and gentle, revealing another facet of herself, told me how she and Paul had driven to every farm during the morning

Continuing . . .

The Scapegoat

[from page 25]

within a radius of ten kilometres, inquiring for the child, and had only returned to St. Gilles at half-past twelve.

It was strange, I thought, how sudden death, like war, brings instant sympathy. The challenging, sensual Renee of the past week was now natural, kindly, anxious to help us all, suggesting that she should make up a bed for Marie-Noel in Blanche's room so that the child would not be alone, or that Paul should move from their room and the child go to her—ready to do anything to make the sudden loss less frightening, less appalling for Marie-Noel.

"I don't think she will be frightened," I said. "I think I can't explain why—she was prepared."

Renee, who a few hours before would have said immediately that everything Marie-Noel had done was outrageous, exhibitionist, and she should be severely punished, answered nothing, except that children who walked in their sleep should never sleep alone.

PRESENTLY she went upstairs and I continued sitting in the dining-room, thinking. After a while I called Gaston and asked him to take a message to Julie. Would he, I said, tell her that Francoise was dead, and that I wanted Julie to break the news to Marie-Noel?

"Monsieur le Cure is upstairs with Madame la Comtesse," he said to me, after a moment's hesitation. "Does Monsieur le Comte wish to see him now, or presently?"

"How long has he been here?" I asked.

"Madame la Comtesse sent for him as soon as Charlotte told her of the accident."

"When was that?"

"I don't know, Monsieur le Comte. Monsieur Paul and I could get no sense out of any of the women here when we returned and heard what had happened. They were too upset to explain anything clearly."

"I'll see Monsieur le Cure directly," I said. "Meanwhile ask Germaine to come to me."

"Very good, Monsieur le Comte."

Germaine was already in tears as she entered the room, and at sight of me her face crumpled afresh.

"That's enough," I said. "You only make it harder for all of us if you give way. There is something I want to ask you. Did you know Madame Jean had got up and dressed this morning before the accident?"

"No, Monsieur le Comte. I took her breakfast at nine, and she was still in bed. She said nothing to me about getting up. Mademoiselle Blanche sent me to make inquiries in the village about the child, and when I came back I went straight to the kitchen. I never saw Madame Jean again."

The tears were welling into her eyes once more, and I had nothing else to ask her. I told her to send Charlotte to me.

It was a moment or two before Charlotte appeared, and when she did I saw at once that the hysteria of the morning was now over. I said to her immediately, "When we all went out this morning to look for the child, did you go back again to talk to Madame Jean?"

There was a momentary hesitation in her eyes, and then she said, "Yes, Monsieur le Comte. I just slipped in to say a word or two of comfort while she was having breakfast."

"What did you say to her?"

"There was nothing much I could say, Monsieur le Comte. I begged her not to worry. The child would soon be found."

"Did she seem very anxious?"

"She was more concerned about the little one's state of mind, Monsieur le Comte, than about her actual disappearance. She was worried that the child might have turned against her. She is too fond of her Papa, she said, and of Mademoiselle Blanche; she does not come to her mother as she should."

"How did you answer that?"

CHARLOTTE spoke quickly. "I told her the truth, Monsieur le Comte. I said that when a father idolises his daughter as Monsieur le Comte idolises Marie-Noel, it is always difficult for the mother. I had an aunt who experienced the same trouble. It was even worse when the daughter grew older; she and the father were inseparable, and my aunt had a nervous breakdown."

"Did you tell her that by way of comfort?"

"I told her because I was sympathetic. Monsieur le Comte. I knew that Madame Jean was often lonely here."

I wondered just how much damage Charlotte had done, now and in the past, in the chateau of St. Gilles. "Did you know Madame Jean meant to get up?" I asked.

Again the flicker of hesitation. "She said nothing definite," Charlotte answered. "She told me she did not like staying there all alone not knowing what was happening. She asked me if Madame la Comtesse was awake upstairs. I said not yet, that she was sleeping late. She said she might have some ideas about the child. Then I took

her tray and went downstairs. That was the last time I saw Madame Jean."

"At what time did Madame la Comtesse wake?" I said.

Charlotte thought for a moment. "I'm not sure, Monsieur le Comte. I think it was a little before ten. She rang for me, but did not want anything to eat. I told her about the child. She shrugged her shoulders; she wasn't interested. She sat in her chair, and I made her bed, and presently, seeing she did not need me, I went below again. I was still below in the sewing-room, ironing, when the accident happened. Both Gaston's wife and I heard Berthe the cow-woman scream, and we ran out . . . but you already know that, Monsieur le Comte."

"When you broke the news of the accident to Madame la Comtesse, what did she say?"

"She was horrified, Monsieur le Comte, stunned. Because of that I sent at once for Monsieur le Cure. I could not give her anything; it would not have been wise. You understand me?"

"I understand you."

When she had gone, I went upstairs. I walked along the corridor, up the stairs, through the door to the other corridor, and so to the room in the tower at the far end.

I did not knock. I opened the door and went straight in. The room was shuttered like the others, the window closed, but here even the curtains were drawn too. No daylight penetrated; it might have been winter.

The dogs had been banished elsewhere, and the only sound was the low murmur of the cure, praying, and the echoing response from the opposite chair. Both had their rosaries in their hands; the cure was kneeling, head bowed, the

To page 47



**IT WAS LOVE
AT FIRST
FLIGHT**

2

such a wonderful week in my life. John had to fly to Sydney and asked me to go. As you know, I hadn't flown before so I was a little hesitant but, Ehup, it was simply wonderful. I just can't describe the thrill it gave me. Not a bump the whole way and what grand girls the ANA hostesses are, I'll never forget their kindnesses to a first flyer. We arrive

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<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a little speculation.</p>	<p>★ Pleasant relationships with work-mates mean that the work runs smoothly. If there is a staff club, social events are on the programme. If a housewife, a new outlook.</p>	<p>★ There is a shaft of sunlight penetrating to the heart of your home. Good luck, an honor bestowed or a series of unexpected events may change routine.</p>	<p>★ If you and the one you love best should be partners competing in a contest, you might be fortunate enough to win a coveted award. Otherwise, romance counts.</p>	<p>★ Have your fling now, for these influences are slowly passing, and you may have other things on your mind besides party-going. If young, continued popularity.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy-blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a forgotten box.</p>	<p>★ Household tasks waiting attention may be polished off at record rate. Some wield the paintbrush, others, rearrange equipment. For a few, paid work is done.</p>	<p>★ Some of you are still happily hibernating. Home is snug in your opinion. You can find all you want there. Much interest in domestic arts and crafts.</p>	<p>★ You might be obliged to make your plans to fit in with those of the boy or girl friend's family. If the evening is dull, comfort yourself that you are beloved.</p>	<p>★ For some of you a quiet interlude. For others there may be disappointment in a group which appeared glamorous from a distance but tiresome on closer inspection.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in an official announcement.</p>	<p>★ An advertisement might have a real impact on your hopes. If personal interviews are pending, you shine. There is the possibility of temporary work in a new field.</p>	<p>★ These discontented over home conditions or who feel their home is not as elegant as they wish should realise that many others are far worse off.</p>	<p>★ Should that little journey with the beloved and in one or two small adventures, don't sulk if arrangements go wrong. Keep a sense of humor.</p>	<p>★ If in town you take off for the country. If in the country you may come to town. The main purpose of all this is a change of scene, so relax and enjoy it.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in a reception room.</p>	<p>★ You're hunting £ s. d. and nobody is going to beat you. You know what you want and how to go after it. Nearly all of you gain in money or condition.</p>	<p>★ Spending less than the family income adds up to contentment. Spending more can bring worries, arguments, and unhappiness. The homemaker must watch finance.</p>	<p>★ Should your boy-friend ask your help with a problem, feel honored that he confides in you. Do not repeat what he tells you. Give him loyal support.</p>	<p>★ Shopping is a kind of social affair, especially when you meet friends, lunch together, or see a picture. Mixing business and pleasure will yield a full day.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a personal matter.</p>	<p>★ If you must delegate authority, choose people who are fitted for the job in hand. This applies particularly to voluntary workers. The inexperienced will let you down.</p>	<p>★ Start a modest domestic revolution. Many suggestions can simplify housework. Few cost more than a little thought, but don't abolish all charm to save labor.</p>	<p>★ Romance is a delightful experience, but you can't live on love. There are ambitions to be attained. A many-sided, varied life should enrich your love.</p>	<p>★ As a leader you can generate enthusiasm about any social activity. You know how things should be done, but don't take over completely. Give others a share.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in silence.</p>	<p>★ If slowly gathering better technical skills and an increasing experience of human nature, you are moving on to solid ground. A successful career is not built in a day.</p>	<p>★ Tackle essentials first, then use the time left for a few experiments. Make a lampshade, grow a sweet-potato vine, or dream of new covers and curtains.</p>	<p>★ You are shy and lack the courage to develop a pleasant friendship with a member of the opposite sex, yet most lovers are friends first and think of romance later.</p>	<p>★ You may be quietly acquiring a new skill, getting slowly acquainted with future associates. Your quiet presence is beginning to make itself felt and enjoyed.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck among friends.</p>	<p>★ Even if you have to work harder than usual you will meet interesting people who have plenty to give you. Try to make such return as you can.</p>	<p>★ Friends are a joy, and when they drop in unheralded you are eager to offer hospitality. The lingering guest is a problem. Try standing up as a delicate hint.</p>	<p>★ Any club or group of which you are a member has romantic possibilities. Idiosyncrasy is famous. Treat every boy as if he might be a potential husband some day.</p>	<p>★ You are "Madam President." If presiding over a meeting, learn the few simple rules required. If speaking to any organized group, stick to the point.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in growing prestige.</p>	<p>★ People may misunderstand you because they think you are proud and aloof. They may fear to express admiration because you hold them at a distance. Try to mix.</p>	<p>★ The domestic scene may be a secondary consideration this week. A full programme leaves no time for leisurely housework. Hustle through as much as you can first.</p>	<p>★ Here is the one-and-only, and you are anxious to show him off to best advantage. Don't moan if he has no parlor tricks. He may have sterling qualities.</p>	<p>★ If someone thanks you or praises you openly, you may feel at a loss or blush awkwardly. Remember to return the compliment. Be charming and natural.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 — DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck across distance.</p>	<p>★ Some of you are weighing the merits of staying in school or taking a job at the end of the year. Your sign has a real inclination for higher education.</p>	<p>★ Plans matter more than action. Some of you are busy with paper and pencil, drawing up schemes for a new home. Solid planning can save money and time.</p>	<p>★ If you are away temporarily or the best beloved is absent, think how enjoyable a really heavy letter can be. It can cement your romance.</p>	<p>★ Brains are never wasted when usefully employed. Hours may have wings when you are concentrating. Just as you become discouraged you suddenly get the hang of it.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in managing finances.</p>	<p>★ Some of that money is going down south. You'll close your purse strings and study new ways to economize. Even if the purpose is crackbrained, it matters to you.</p>	<p>★ There is battle in your eye. You are going to perform miracles. That's fine, but don't go haywire. If you're painting, try a small sample first.</p>	<p>★ Don't force a showdown. Misunderstandings often lead to heated words which are afterwards regretted. Wait until you are calm, then ask for an explanation.</p>	<p>★ If you decline invitations there will be a social lull. Motives of economy or pressure of time may prevent you taking on too much. You enjoy your own company.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a romantic episode.</p>	<p>★ Personalities count more than actual cash just now. Different types of people or new situations are welcome at work. A congenial boss matters more than high pay.</p>	<p>★ If the folks want to kick up their heels, why not? You could give an original party, prepare some exotic dish, and win the applause of family and friends.</p>	<p>★ He might choose this week to tell you how much he loves you. Or he might, if shy, just mention it casually. That doesn't prove he's not romantic. He is just young.</p>	<p>★ Some of you have had your share of offering hospitality, and you feel it is up to others to put you on the guest list. They think so, too. This looks like a happy week.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a new personality.</p>	<p>★ Set up a programme and stick to it. Don't bite off more than you can chew, and don't become involved in vague schemes which consume time and energy.</p>	<p>★ Sometimes it is more economical to buy an article rather than make it. Your artistic soul may be dissatisfied over an amateur effort.</p>	<p>★ Tact is the keynote. Get Dad and Mum used to your beloved, get him to call for you, and you've taken the first important step on the way to marriage.</p>	<p>★ The smaller gathering, the casual evening, is likely to be your choice. Don't drag yourself along from a sense of duty, but if you do go, join in the fray.</p>

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FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

Kittenish look hides a tigerish drive

● Natalie Wood, the teenage actress who will play "Marjorie Morningstar," has a driving ambition which disconcerts her boy-friends. Two American writers, Michael Robinson and Frederick Christian, take an objective look at her character in this story.

EVERY young actress in Hollywood wanted to play "Marjorie Morningstar," but the girl who got the role was the one who went after it with the most determination.

Natalie Wood, who began making 1000 dollars a week at the age of six, has always found work a pleasure. But few stars in the history of Hollywood can match the demonic ambition and energy she brings to her pursuit of stardom.

Guileless look

At first, Natalie often strikes people as being as guileless as a kitten. She has large, innocent dark eyes which wear a look of perpetual surprise.

She sometimes greets new acquaintances with a toy tiger in her arms, one of an enormous collection of toy animals, many of which were given to her by a friend named Elvis Presley.

She has a soft, breathy voice and a way of pretending not to get a man's jokes, which gives the man a chance to look into her eyes as he explains them and gives her a chance to laugh appreciatively.

Off-camera she dresses demurely. She is now permitting her hair to grow long, which makes her look more than ever like a brunette Alice in Wonderland.

Beneath that disarming exterior, however, hums a mind that operates with the unrelenting efficiency of an aircraft motor. The mind is devoted almost solely to her ambition, which is, in her words, "to be the best actress in the United States."

Brush-off

The implication is that anything or anyone standing in her way had better get out of it.

To some of her friends, she appears to be working all the time. One of her suitors, a member of a vast fraternity of blue-jeaned young men, recalls a night when they were out driving.

"What are you thinking about, Natalie?" the swain asked.

She expelled her breath. "I'm thinking," she said, quietly and vibrantly, "about how I'll play that scene tomorrow morning."

"I'll take you home," he said, in the tone of a man who knows when he's licked.

"Good," said Natalie. "I've still got some lines to memorise."

That was one of scores of similar instances in the life of this girl, who has developed an unerring instinct for combining business and romance.

Late last year she told a number of fan-magazine writers that she had found her ideal at last in the person of Elvis Presley.

To prove it, she flew to visit him at his parents' home in Memphis, Tennessee. At the time, The Pelvis was being covered by a corps of reporters nearly equal in size to that assigned to the United Nations, a fact that had not escaped Natalie.

She was not exactly horrified by the publicity that accrued from her jaunt.

Natalie's suitors are nearly all recruited from that group of youthful, seedy lads who boast, or labor under, short names like Tab, Dab, Rock, Roll, or Sock.

Natalie likes to go out with them because they are all fearfully, even depressingly, dedicated to acting, which they discuss at appalling length in the various Hollywood coffee shops and spaghetti joints they frequent.

An exception is hotel heir Nicky Hilton, a former husband of Elizabeth Taylor.

"It was inevitable that Nicky should discover Natalie sooner or later," a friend said, "since Natalie is so often referred to around Hollywood as the present-day counterpart of the youthful Liz."

Natalie has been characterised by appealingly grim determination for all her near-nineteen years. Some of us blunder into our life work; Natalie wandered purposely



FORMER CHILD STAR, eighteen-year-old Natalie Wood, who beat off all opposition to win the much-coveted lead in "Marjorie Morningstar."

into acting at the age of four.

Her mother took her to watch some location work on "Happyland," with Don Ameche and Ann Rutherford. Natalie, always a friendly little girl, climbed on the director's knee, and ended up with a part in the film.

After that she went film crazy. She kept pestering her elder sister, Teddy, to read her stories out of movie magazines. She was not interested in playing with other children, unless they wanted to play at making pictures.

Her opportunity to move from small-girl parts into more mature roles came when Nicholas Ray was casting about for someone to play a headstrong young girl in a projected picture to be called "Rebel Without a Cause."

Ray had only a notion of what he was looking for; he had tested some well-known actresses, including Carroll Baker, but he had not yet

At four years old she knew what she wanted

found a girl with the qualities he was seeking.

Natalie heard about the part through a friend and went to read for Ray. He was not specially impressed by her effort, but agreed to test her.

After the test he was still hesitant; he was not certain that a child star could make the transition to a demanding adult role. But eventually he decided to use Natalie.

"Rebel" starred the late James Dean. Anyone who appeared in a picture with the martyr of the teenagers was almost automatically guaranteed overnight stardom, but Natalie helped her cause by turning in a creditable performance.

Warners signed her to a long-term contract at once, and she went into "The Searchers"; after that "A Cry

in the Night," and then two pictures with Tab Hunter, "The Burning Hills" and "The Girl He Left Behind."

Natalie's unswerving determination has always been the keynote of her personality.

"You can't tell Natalie what to do once she makes up her mind," says her friend Nick Adams, a rising young actor.

"I've never known anyone so organised and in command of every situation," says another close friend, Barbara Gould.

And yet another friend says, "Natalie's mother objected when she said she was going to Memphis to visit Elvis Presley. Natalie listened to the objections. Then she went."

This does not mean that Natalie is as defiant and stubborn as the girl she played in "Rebel." In reality, her relations with her parents and two sisters are very good.

Her older sister, Teddy, is now married, and the mother of two children.

There is also a seven-year-old sister, Lana Lisa, who has appeared in a few films.

Natalie celebrated her graduation from high school by buying a white Thunderbird car and having a new pool installed at her home. She also petitioned her parents for permission to take an apartment away from home, a request that was promptly denied.

She compromised by demanding that she be allowed to have her own bank account. She has earned a good deal of money in her 15-year career, and her parents have placed it carefully in trust.

By the time she is of legal age Natalie will be a very secure young woman indeed.

"What do you do for fun?" we once asked her. "Mainly," said she, "I work."

It was work, plus her fanatical determination, that landed Natalie the most coveted young-girl role of the year.



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HOLLYWOOD YOUNGSTERS



ABOVE. Warren Berlinger (pronounced Berlinjer), 5ft. 7in. and hazel-eyed, was first seen as the teenage sweetheart of Betty Lou Keim in "Teenage Rebel." He next played Ernest Borgnine's son in "Three Brave Men." He's a baseball fan, likes fishing, reading, and modern jazz.

RIGHT. Diane Jergens, freckled, and with a tip-tilted nose, did her first acting job three years ago in "The Bob Mathias Story." Since then she's been in "The Unguarded Moment," "Teenage Rebel," and as the daughter in "Three Brave Men." She's a gifted, untaught singer.

● One agreeable feature about the Hollywood of today is the prevalence of nice, natural youngsters who are making careers in films while still managing to look and behave exactly like the boy or girl next door.

The girls have freckles, if that's the sort of complexion nature gave them, and most of the boys look as though they're refugees from a school football team.

They're a far cry from the ringleted, dancing-academy misses and the often nauseating young juveniles of the past.

The fact is that Hollywood nowadays insists on its young players being normal, down-to-earth youngsters, and not pampered darlings. The result is a crop of young people who are nice to know as well as being much nicer to see.

The hot-house orchids of either sex are likely to end up these days as photographs in the casting-office files.

FILM FAN-FARE





ABOVE. Trained at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, fair-headed Sue Randall is now appearing in "The Desk Set" with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. She used to have her own teenage radio show and has done a lot of work in TV.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957



BELOW. Eighteen-year-old Sal Mineo played Tony Curtis as a boy in "Six Bridges to Cross," was next in "The Private War of Major Benson," and then played James Dean's friend in "Rebel Without a Cause." He was the Mexican war hero in "Giant."

JAMES MACARTHUR, above, is the new teenage star everyone is waiting to see in his debut film, "The Young Stranger." Blue-eyed, 18 years old, and the son of actress Helen Hayes and the late Charles MacArthur, he is hailed as a screen find by the American Press. It seems likely that he will go into "The Light in the Forest," which will be made for Walt Disney.



The best seats in the house!

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Full cut and roomy Hanes is the underwear alright—for lots of reasons. Fashioned from soft absorbent cotton they're really comfortable. Stretching, stooping or sitting they g-i-v-e easily, never bind. And do they wear well? You just wash and wash them. Sag? Not on your life! The tunnel-top rubber waist band and the elasticised leg bands stay strong through the garments long life. All Hanes underwear keeps its smart athletic shape and stays whiter than white always.

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**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

2/9



1 PUBLISHER Dottie Peale (Hayward) is angered when the chairmanship of the Joint Atomic International Commission doesn't go to the civilian her magazine has recommended.



2 TO DISCREDIT the appointee, Major-General Goodwin (Douglas), Dottie invites him to a weekend at her Long Island home, and, visiting a nightclub, she trips him on the dance-floor.

THEIR SECRET AFFAIR



3 RETURNING home after she has made a fool of him in public, and intending to publish pictures taken by a hidden photographer, Dottie falls into her swimming-pool and is rescued by Goodwin. Then he suddenly kisses her.

★ Playing the part of a hard-driving managing editor of a magazine-publishing empire in Warners' romantic comedy "Their Secret Affair," red-headed Susan Hayward has another of her favorite spitfire roles.

The victim this time is Kirk Douglas, "the toughest General in the American Army," whose career she tries to wreck with a faked story.



4 NEXT MORNING Dottie is deliriously happy until Goodwin tells her that he is married to the Army and is going back to Washington. The last girl he loved, he says, turned out to be a Korean spy.



5 IMPETUOUSLY Dottie goes ahead with the anti-Goodwin story, and his change of heart is too late. Dottie must now face a Senate inquiry.



6 DENYING the truth of her article before the investigating committee, Dottie cannot clear Goodwin of the charge of having given away information to a spy, and his career appears ruined.



7 RELEASE of a hitherto secret paper shows that Goodwin was actually feeding false information under orders, and, now fully reinstated, he goes to find Dottie.

mother sat huddled in her chair.

Neither stirred when I entered, but I saw the mother's hand holding the rosary tighten an instant, then relax.

I did not kneel—I listened and waited. The murmur of the cure ran on, monotonous, soothing, stifling thought, and it seemed to me that this must surely be his purpose, whether he was praying for the living or the dead.

The spirit of Francoise, lying in the hospital room, did not wish to be reminded of what had happened to her in the world she had deserted, and the mind of the mother here, who echoed the prayers, must not waken suddenly with a question.

When the last Gloria was said, and the last Amen, there was a pause before the world took charge once more, the speaker became corporeal, the voice became the cure with his gentle old baby face and his nodding head. Rising to his feet, he came to me at once and took my hand.

"My son," he said, "we have been praying so hard for you, your mother and I, and we have asked that you may be given courage and support in this terrible moment of affliction."

I thanked him, and he continued standing, holding my hand and patting it, his face troubled for my sake, yet serene.

"The child," he said, "would you like me to tell her?"—going straight to what he felt must matter most to me. I replied no, I had asked Julie to tell her, but that presently both Paul and Blanche would be home, and perhaps he would arrange with them the many things that must be done.

"You know," he said, "that now, tomorrow, and always I am at your disposal, ready to do all in my power for you, and Madame la Comtesse, and the child, and everyone at the chateau."

He blessed us both, took his books, and left the room. We were alone. I said nothing. Nor did she. I did not look at her. Suddenly, on impulse, I crossed to the window and pulled back the heavy curtains. I opened

Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

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the windows wide and the shutters, too, flinging them back against the wall, and air came into the room, and light.

I stood beside her chair, and the sun of late afternoon shone down on her so that nothing was hidden; neither the grey pallor of her face, nor the hooded eyes, nor the raddled cheeks, nor the massive jaw, and as she raised her hand to shield her eyes from the sun her sleeve fell back, showing the puncture marks between wrist and forearm.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to blind me?" she said, and she moved forward in her chair, trying to escape the light.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Happened?" She repeated the question after me, raising her head and staring, but she could not see my eyes because I was in shadow. "How do I know what happened, imprisoned here as I am, useless, nobody even answering a bell? I thought you had come to tell me what happened, not I you." She paused a moment, then she added, "Close the shutters and draw the curtains. You know I hate the light."

"No," I said.

She grimaced, and shrugged her shoulders. "As you wish. It's a strange moment to open them, that's all. I gave orders for Gaston to close the chateau. I presume he has done what he was told."

She settled herself back in her chair, and taking up her rosary put it between the pages of her missal, as though to mark the place, and then laid both on the table by her side.

"Now the cure has gone," she said, "I could tell Charlotte to bring back the dogs. They always make a nuisance of themselves when he is here. Why do you keep standing? Why don't you draw up the chair and sit down?"

I did not sit down. I knelt on one knee beside her chair, my hand on the arm of it. She watched me, her face a mask.

"What did you say to her?" I asked.

"What did I say to whom? To Charlotte?"

"To Francoise," I said.

Nothing happened, except that she sat more still.

"When?" she asked. "I did not see her after she became ill and went to bed. I had not seen her for several days."

"You're lying," I said. "You saw her this morning."

My reply was sudden. She did not expect it. I saw her whole body stiffen in her chair.

"Who says so?" she demanded. "Who's been talking?"

"I say so," I answered, "and nobody's been talking."

PURPOSELY I kept my voice low. There was no accusation in it, or in my words.

"Did she recover consciousness? Did she say anything to you in the hospital before she died?" The question was sharp.

"No," I said. "She said nothing to me, or to anyone."

"Then what does it matter? Why do you want to know? Suppose she did come here this morning, how can it help you now?"

"I want to know how and why she died," I answered.

She gestured. "What's the use? None of us can know. She became giddy and fell. Berthe saw her, didn't she, as she was crossing into the park with the cows? That was what Charlotte told me. Weren't you told the same story?"

"Yes," I said. "I was told the same story. So was Blanche. So were Paul and Renee, I imagine. So were the people at the hospital. I don't believe it, that's all."

"What do you believe?" I stared at the face that told me nothing. "I believe she killed herself," I said, "and so do you."

I expected a denial, or an outburst, or an accusation—or possibly a crumpling of defence and a plea for sympathy. Instead, unbelievably, she shrugged her shoulders, and

then she smiled and said without emotion, "And if she did . . ."

This answer, cold, inhuman, dismissing sudden death so casually, was yet a confirmation of all I had most feared. Indifference towards Francoise I had sensed from the beginning, but with something else as well, never spoken: a wish on the part of the mother that her daughter-in-law might die. Whatever the reason—possessiveness, malice, greed—the comtesse had wanted Francoise out of the way, and had believed, in her inmost heart, that her son wanted it too. Illness in pregnancy might have achieved this end: today's disaster made a swifter finish.

It roused no pity in her that Francoise, unhappy, neglected, had perhaps surrendered on impulse without the will to live. Death, or the birth of an heir—either meant release from poverty; and Jean's mother felt only relief that matters were now resolved.

"Whatever happened," she said, "there can be no blame on you. You were not here. Therefore forget it. Play your part and mourn." She leant forward in her chair and took my face between her hands. "It's too late to develop a conscience," she went on. "I told you that the other evening. And if you thought that Francoise would survive the birth of the child, what made you gamble on her death?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The day after you returned from Paris you telephoned Car-

valet," she said. "Charlotte told me—she listened on the extension in Blanche's room, as she always does if there's anything being said below worth listening to, and then reports to me—and when I heard what you said to the firm, the nonsensical agreement to their demands, I knew at once that it was a gamble. You were counting on the fortune that might come. Without an increase in capital you'd ruin yourself."

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RHEUMATIC PAINS

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Half smiling she went on. "No wonder you had qualms the next morning, and went off to Villars to the bank, and down to the safe to look through the Marriage Settlement. You could have spared yourself the trouble. There are duplicates of everything in the library, if you had taken the trouble to search for them. It was more amusing to go to Villars, wasn't it? You have a woman there. You told me so that evening when you returned."

The pattern of events was plain and could not be denied. My motives, misconstrued and twisted, were unimportant now.

"Francoise knew about the contract," I said. "I told her the truth."

"The truth?" The eyes that looked into mine were cynical and hard. The pain and anguish of the night before had gone.

She might never have asked for my help, might never have offered. "We all of us tell the truth when it happens to suit us," she said. "Francoise told me the truth this morning, when she came in here. Oh, yes, you're right. I did see her. I was probably the last to do so. She came up dressed, ready to search for the child. 'What's upset Marie-Noel?' she asked. 'Why has she run away?' 'What's upset her?' I answered. 'She's afraid of being supplanted, that's all. None of us like to be deposed. She wants you out of the way, and the baby, too.'

"Then she told me she'd never been happy here; she'd always been homesick, lonely, lost, and it was my fault, because I'd been against her from

Continuing . . .

The Scapegoat

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the start. 'Jean was never in love with me,' she said. I agreed. 'Even now he only wants the money,' she went on. 'Naturally,' I replied. 'Does he want me to die so that he can marry someone else?' she asked at last. I told her I did not know. 'Jean makes love to Renee, even here in the chateau, and he has a mistress in Villars,' I said."

THE comtesse continued: "She told me she had suspected both these things, and that your kindness to her the last few days had been a blind to make her believe otherwise. 'So the child isn't the only one to want me out of the way,' she said. 'Jean does, too, and so do you, and Renee, and the woman in Villars.' I didn't answer her. I told her to stop being hysterical, and to take herself downstairs. That was all. Nothing more was said. She asked for the truth and got it. If she was not brave enough to face up to it, that was her affair, not mine. Whether she threw herself out of the window or fell because she was giddy is beside the point, and something we can't ever prove. The result is the same. You've got what you wanted, haven't you?"

"No," I shouted. "No . . ."

I pushed her back in the chair, and her expression changed. She looked bewildered, frightened, and the sud-

den switch from cynicism to apprehension at the sound of my voice, raised in anger against her, as she believed, and not against myself, made me realise the hopelessness of explanation, the useless wasted effort of trying to make her understand. Whatever she had said to Francoise, however truthful, however harsh, had been said for her son's sake. I could not accuse her.

I got up and went to the window, and stood there staring out across the park to the trees. Dear God, I thought, there must be an answer to this, there must be a way out—not for me, the impostor, but for them, for the mother, for the child, for Blanche and Paul and Renee. If Jean de Gue had fostered jealousy, dissension, animosity, he had the excuse of the past. I had no such pretext. I had followed him because I wished to remain hidden, to lose identity.

The night's rain had cleared the debris from the leaded guttering. A pool of water glistened on the gargoyles' tongue. Something else in the gutter shone like glass. It was a morphine phial, empty, thrown out by Charlotte and now revealing itself because the leaves had gone.

Seeing the phial lying there in the gutter I wondered, had I not used the syringe the night before but had stayed here in the room, what might have been achieved, what hope, what understanding. I should not have gone to Villars, nor the child to the well. The tragedy would have been averted. Francoise would have lived.

I turned away from the window and looked back at the woman sitting in the chair, and I said to her, "You've got to help me."

"Help you? How?" she asked. "How can I help you?"

I knelt beside her chair and took her hand. Whatever wrongs there had been in the years that were gone, they could not be righted by a stranger. I could only build the present. But not alone. "You told me just now that I had got what I wanted," I said. "Did you mean the money? For the glass-foundry, for all of us, for St. Gilles?"

"What else?" she asked. "You'll be a rich man; you can do what you like, and you'll be free. That's all that matters to you, isn't it?"

"No," I said. "You matter to me. I want you to be the head of my house, as you used to be. And you can't as long as you take morphine."

Something fell apart, the layer upon layer of defence protecting every individual from assault so that no challenge can be heard, no signal seen; the core, left untouched in isolation, crumbled for one brief moment as I spoke, and I felt in the hand that tightened on mine the loneliness of years, the numbed senses, the mocking mind, the empty heart. It was as though, touching her then, these things became part of me and were now mine, and the burden was intolerable beyond belief.

"I'm tired and old and useless," she said. "Why should you grudge me something that makes me forget?"

"You're not tired, or old or useless," I said. "To yourself, perhaps, but not to me. Yesterday you came downstairs and stood on the terrace, receiving the guests. You wanted to stand beside me, as you stood beside my father, you wanted to be the person you were once, long ago. But it wasn't just clinging to the past or pride; it was also an attempt to prove to yourself that it could be done, that you were not dependent on the box of ampoules

in there and the syringe and Charlotte. You could defeat them and you did. You would have gone on defeating them but for me."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"What did you think about?" I asked, "yesterday morning, after the guests had gone?"

"I thought about you," she said, "about the past. I went back over the years. What does it matter what I thought? I began to suffer, that's all."

"I made you suffer," I said. "I was the cause."

"What if you were?" she said. "All mothers suffer for their sons. It's part of our life. We don't blame you for it."

"It's not part of a son's life," I said. "They can't stand pain. I'm a coward and always have been. That's why I want your help, now and in the future."

I rose from my knees and went into the dressing-room

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

next door. The box of ampoules was still in the cupboard above the basin, and the syringe, and I took them out and brought them into the bedroom and showed them to her.

"I'm going to take them away," I said. "Perhaps it's dangerous to do so—I don't know. You told me I gambled on winning a fortune when I made that new contract with Carvalet. This is another gamble, a different kind."

I saw her hands tighten on the chair, and for a moment a look of terror, of despair, came into her eyes.

"I can't do it, Jean," she said. "You don't understand. I can't deprive myself suddenly, like this. I'm too old, too tired. It's too late."

"It's not too late," I put the box down on the table. "Give me your hands," I said.

She put her hands in mine and I pulled her up from the chair. As she stood beside me she steadied herself, tightly clutching my banded hand, and I felt the pain shoot from my fingers to my elbow. She went on holding me, not realising, and I knew that if I took my hand away something would be lost to her, some confidence, some strength, which for the moment was part of her and gave her courage.

"Now come downstairs," I said.

She stood between me and the window, massive, huge, blocking the light, trembling a moment as she gained her balance.

"Downstairs?" she repeated. "What for?"

"Because I need you," I said, "and in future you'll come down every day."

For a long time she held on to me, never once relaxing her grip upon my hand. Then she released me and moved slowly to the door, majestic, dignified.

She did not take my arm in the corridor but went forward ahead of me and opened the door of another room. At once the terriers rushed at her, barking, jumping.

She turned to me, exultant. "Just as I thought," she said. "These dogs are not taken out. Charlotte lies to me. Charlotte is supposed to take them in the park every afternoon. The trouble is there is no supervision in the chateau."

The dogs, released, ran to the stairs, and as we followed them she said to me, "Did I hear you tell the cure that Blanche and Paul were to make the arrangements for the funeral?"

"Yes," I said. "They don't understand these things," she said. "There hasn't been a funeral in the chateau since your father died. It must be done properly. Francoise was a person of importance—she should have every respect paid to her. After all, she was your wife. She was the Comtesse de Gue."

She waited at the head of the stairs while I put the boxes in the dressing-room. As we entered the salon we heard voices. The others had returned. Paul was standing by the fireplace, the cure beside him. Renee was in her usual place on the sofa, Blanche on another chair.

They stared at us, disconcerted, and even the cure, startled, took a moment to recover before he came forward.

solicitous, anxious to assist. But she waved him aside and went straight to the chair beside the fire, the chair where Francoise always sat. Blanche rose at once and went to her.

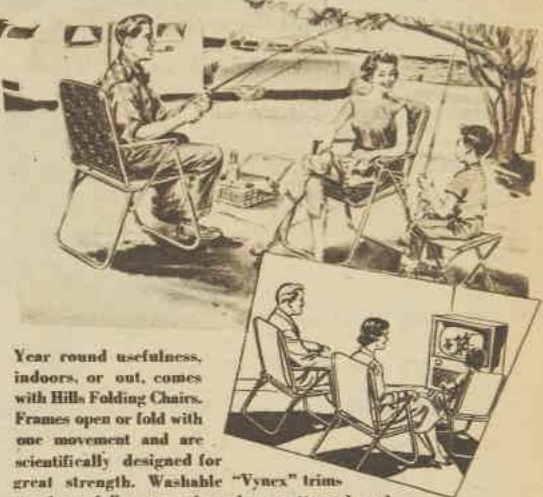
"You ought to be in bed," she said. "Charlotte told me you were very shaken."

"Charlotte's a liar," was the answer, "and you can mind your own business." She fumbled for her spectacles, put them on and looked at each one in turn. "This is a house of mourning," she said, "not a nursing home. My daughter-in-law has died. I intend to see that everything is done to honor her that should be done. Paul, get me a pencil and some sheets of paper. Blanche, in

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Hills FOLDING CHAIRS

TUBE STEEL FRAME WILL LAST A LIFETIME!



Year round usefulness, indoors, or out, comes with Hills Folding Chairs. Frames open or fold with one movement and are scientifically designed for great strength. Washable "Vynex" trim are in a full range of modern patterned and plain tones. These chairs never wear out—use them anywhere, and fold and store away when not required, light to carry, compact, secure when opened. Ideal for homes, offices, reception rooms, halls, canteens, etc.



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Everybody looks at your legs! Ask the girl who really gets ahead... she's as careful about her leg grooming as she is about her face, her clothes, her hair. She expects her stockings to work wonders for her.

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Continuing . . .

The Scapegoat

from page 49

the desk in my room, in the top drawer, you will find a dossier containing all the names of the people who came to your father's funeral. Most of them are dead, but they have relatives. Renee, fetch me the telephone directory from the cloakroom. Monsieur le Cure, I should be obliged if you will come and sit beside me; I may have to refer to you for matters concerning the actual burial itself."

She looked up at me and paused. "I don't expect any help from you for the moment. You had better take a walk, the air will do you good. You can exercise the dogs, as Charlotte failed to do so. But before you go," she added, "change into a dark suit. The Comte de Gue does not stroll about in a sports jacket when he has lost his wife."

I left them in the salon, and went upstairs and changed. Then I called for Gaston and asked him to bring the car round to the drive.

"I want you to take me to the foundry," I said. "I'm going to fetch the child."

"Very good Monsieur le Comte."

As we drove out of the village and up the hill towards the forest he said, "My wife and I, Monsieur le Comte, and indeed everyone in the chateau, wish to express our deepest sympathy to you in this moment of stress."

"Thank you, Gaston," I said. "If there is anything any of us can do, you have only to say so, Monsieur le Comte."

I thanked him again. There was nothing anybody could do to ease things, except myself; and I had started off by depriving an addict of morphine, which might lead to a tragedy worse than the first. I did not know. All I knew was that I had become a gambler, like Jean de Gue.

Gaston stopped the car outside the foundry gates. It was still early, yet no one was about. The men must have stopped work for the day out of respect for Francoise.

I got out of the car and went into the deserted grounds. Julie was not in her lodge. She must be in her son's cottage, and Marie-Noel with her. I told Gaston to wait, and walked towards the master's house, but the door was locked. I crossed the worn paving in front of the windows, and went and looked down into the well. I suppose it was about twenty feet in depth. The rickety ladder, with gaps here and there where the rungs were missing, was rotting away. The sides of the well were slimy, green

with mould. Far below, at the base, I could see broken glass and sand, and mud. That a child of ten could climb down into it, at night, without fear, coming to no harm, was unbelievable. Yet it was true.

I turned away from the well and looked through the dusty windows of the master's house. The blankets were still heaped on the floor where Marie-Noel had lain. I went round to the orchard at the back, and the window through which I had climbed that morning was now closed. But the hasp was not fastened.

I threw open the window once again and climbed inside. Then I went and stood beside the heap of blankets, as I had done that morning, and out of the emptiness I conjured the small, still face of the child as she lay sleeping, impervious, so it had seemed, to horror or to pain, but enduring behind the little mask the troubled burden of her ferocious dream.

I CLIMBED out of the window and went back by the way I had come, looking for a moment at the gnarled old trees laden with apples, the fallen sunflowers, and the vine climbing the house, heavy with grapes that nobody picked. Then I passed through to the front once more, by the sheds.

Gaston must have told them at the cottage that I was here, for Marie-Noel was coming across the ground towards me.

Suddenly I did not know what to say to her. I had thought I should see Julie first. Julie would have told me how she had taken the news.

"Don't laugh," she called to me.

Laugh? I had never felt less like laughing in my life. I stood still, baffled, not knowing what she meant.

"I'm wearing Pierre's clothes," she said. "This is his jersey and his black overall. Madame Yves made me change out of my blue frock because it was damp."

I realised then that she was indeed wearing things that didn't fit. They were too short, making her legs longer and thinner than ever, and she had borrowed a pair of sabots, too, which were much too large, so that when she walked she had to shuffle her feet to keep them on.

"Look," she said, "I'm taller than Pierre, and he's twelve."

She showed how the sleeves of the overall did not reach her wrists, and stretched herself to make it seem smaller still.

"Yes," I said, "I see." I stood awkwardly, looking down at her. Surely, I thought, there must be something that a father does or says at a time of tragedy like this? He would not just stand as I was doing, talking about clothes.

"I couldn't fetch you before . . ." I began, but she did not wait for me to finish. She took my hand and said, "I'm glad you didn't. Come and see what we've been making. Pierre and I," and she led me over to a mound of rubble beside a heap of waste glass.

"There is the chateau," she said, pointing to the small glass model which had been in her pocket that morning, "and these other pieces are the houses in St. Gilles. That big block is the church. Look, Pierre had scooped up gravel to make roads. This line of pebbles is the river, and the bent twig is the bridge. We've been playing this all afternoon."

Julie couldn't have told her then. She didn't know. I looked over my shoulder for Julie or Gaston, but I couldn't see either of them.

"Where's Madame Yves?" I asked.

"In the cottage," she said, "talking to Gaston and Andre. Pierre has gone to the farm for milk. I drank all theirs this morning; they only had a little in a jug. Guess what we had for lunch — chicken! Madame Yves went and caught a poor old limping cock who used to fight the others. She said it was time he went to his rest, and he went bravely, in honor of my visit."

She looked up at me, to watch my astonishment. I did not say anything. I was trying to think out how to tell her what had happened.

"Do you know," she said, and she lowered her voice, "it's very sad, but Pierre's mother doesn't live with them any more. She ran away to Le Mans some weeks ago, and that's why Madame Yves goes in and cooks for Andre and Pierre. It's such a shocking thing for a boy to be without his mother and a husband without his wife."

I hadn't given Julie enough time. That had been it. Gaston had brought the message less than an hour ago. She had not yet found the right moment to break the news. But I was wrong.

"Our situation is very similar," she said. "You have even burnt yourself as Andre did, but his burn will last for a lifetime, and yours only for a few days. Also, we shall have the

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consolation of knowing that Maman is well cared for in Paradise." She stood up, brushing the sand from her knees.

"When Ernest came back with the lorry and said that Maman had been taken to hospital I knew what would happen," she went on. "My dreams have a habit of coming true. But at least this was an accident. In my dream we were trying to kill her on purpose. How did Maman come to fall from the window?"

"I don't know," I said. "Nobody knows."

"I shall find out," she said. "It will console Maman in Paradise if we know."

Then she picked up the glass chateau and put it in her pocket, and hand in hand we walked over to the lodge.

Julie was coming in at the gate with Gaston. She carried the child's clothes over her arm. "These things are dry now," she called. "You had better change. You can't go to the chateau dressed like that. Quickly, then."

She hustled Marie-Noel into the lodge with the clothes, and then she turned to me. "She has been very courageous," she said, softly.

"It's happened too suddenly," I said. "She hasn't felt it yet."

Julie looked at me with pity, as she had done that morning when we stood together beside the sleeping child. "Do you know so little about children, Monsieur Jean," she asked, "that you imagine, because they don't cry, therefore they feel nothing? If so, you're much mistaken." She spoke quickly, as though she were trying to defend the child

against some accusation. Then she recovered herself. "You must excuse me for speaking frankly. The truth is that the child won all our hearts today. My condolences, Monsieur le Comte, in your great loss."

The proprieties were restored between us. The concierge of the glass-foundry was speaking to the seigneur of St. Gilles. I bowed my head and thanked her. Then I turned to her again as a friend.

"You have done a lot for us today, Julie," I said. "I believed it better for you to break the news than anyone else. And I was right."

"She needed no telling," Julie answered. "It was she who told us. The dream had warned her, she said. For my part, I have never believed in dreams, Monsieur Jean. Only that children, like animals, are close to God." She looked over the waste ground towards the master's house and the well. "I suppose," she said, "there will be a police inquiry? You will not be bringing Madame Jean back until it is over?"

"An inquiry?" I repeated. "No doubt it is for the doctors to arrange," she said, nodding. "It is to be hoped it will be quickly over. These things are unpleasant."

I had been too dazed at the hospital, and too distressed, to consider such a thing as an inquiry. But Julie was right, of course. This must have been one of the things discussed by Paul and Blanche at the hospital after I went.

Continuing . . .

The Scapegoat

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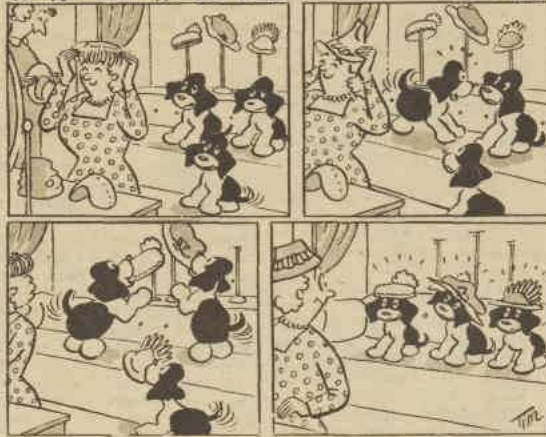
"I'm not sure what the arrangements are, Julie," I said. "I left it all to Monsieur Paul and Mademoiselle Blanche."

Marie-Noel came out of the lodge, changed back into her frock and coat. She kissed Julie and we said goodbye, and Gaston drove us back to St. Gilles.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



As we passed through the gateway I saw there were four other cars in the drive below the terrace.

"There's Dr. Lebrun's car," said Marie-Noel, "and Monsieur Talbert's, too."

Talbert—he was the lawyer who had written the letter which I had found in the safe. No doubt he looked after the family affairs. Then, as we drew up behind the cars and got out, we saw a man in uniform seated behind the wheel of the front one.

"That's the commissaire de police's car," Gaston murmured. "He must have come out from Villars with Maitre Talbert and the doctors."

"Why do they all have to come?" asked Marie-Noel. "They aren't going to arrest anyone, surely?"

"They always come," I said, "if there's been an accident. I shall have to see them. Will you go and find Germaine and ask her to read to you?"

"Germaine reads badly," she said. "Don't worry about me. I promise you, now and forever more, I won't do anything to make trouble."

She went up the terrace and in through the door, and I turned to Gaston.

"The commissaire will probably have to question your wife," I said to him. "She was here at the time of the accident."

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte."

He looked anxious. I was anxious, too. The nightmare of the day was not yet over. I entered the chateau and heard voices coming from the salon. They ceased as I opened the door, and everyone turned and looked at me. I recognised Dr. Lebrun and Dr. Moutier from the hospital. The third was small, thick-set, with greying hair. This was presumably the lawyer, Talbert. The fourth, who had a more official air, must have been the commissaire de police.

My first thought was for the comtesse. I looked across the room at her, and saw that she was still sitting in the chair beside the fireplace, commanding, indomitable.

"Here is my son, Monsieur," she said to the commissaire. And then, turning to me, "Monsieur Lemotte has been so good as to come himself from Villars to ask the necessary questions."

The three men approached me, anxious to show their sympathy. Then, the courtesies

over, the commissaire turned to me.

"Both Dr. Lebrun and Dr. Moutier have informed me, Monsieur, that your wife was expecting a child within a few weeks, and I understand there was some increase in nervousness lately," he said. "Would you agree?"

"Yes," I replied. "She was, perhaps, unduly

"Monsieur Paul and Mademoiselle Blanche have given me their account of it. I am glad the little one was found eventually. So the last time you saw your wife was this morning, before you went to look for the child?"

"That is so, yes."

"Was she very disturbed?"

"Not more so, I think, than the rest of us."

"She did not suggest getting up and joining the search-party?"

"No."

"You left her in bed to await your return with news of the child's safety?"

"Yes."

"Everybody, then, seems to have left the house, with the exception of the two servants—Germaine, who took up Madame la Comtesse Jean's breakfast and was then sent to the village by Mademoiselle Blanche, and Charlotte; the cook, who was below; and of course Madame la Comtesse, who was in her room upstairs. I have examined the spot where your wife fell," he added to me. "I propose going to the bedroom directly, with your approval."

"Of course," I said.

"I have already questioned Berthe, the woman who tends the cows. She saw your wife leaning from the window, as though reaching out—so she described it—and then she grasped at the air, as it seemed, and fell. Berthe screamed for help, and was heard by the cook and Charlotte, who went instantly to the moat. The cook telephoned for the ambulance from Villars, and Dr. Moutier has told me the rest. I should like to establish that

nobody else went to the bedroom after Germaine, the servant whom I saw just now, took up her breakfast."

"Charlotte might have done," said Renee.

"Perhaps you would ring for her, Monsieur?" suggested the commissaire.

"Charlotte is my personal maid: I will ring for her," said the comtesse. A hand went out from the armchair to the bell-rope. "It was Charlotte who broke the news of the accident to me. She was hysterical. So, I imagine, were the others. You won't learn much from her."

When Gaston answered the bell she told him the commissaire wished to speak to Charlotte.

"I don't quite follow," said Paul, "why it matters what Charlotte or Germaine said to my sister-in-law. It has no bearing on the fact that she became giddy and fell from the window."

"I am sorry, Monsieur," said the commissaire. "I quite understand the distress all this must cause to the family. It is just that, in order to conform with the requirements of the law, I must establish beyond any shadow of doubt that the cause of the fall was accidental. Unhappily, when someone falls from a height this is not always the case."

Renee, startled, turned suddenly white. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Madame," explained the commissaire gently, "when a person is in a highly nervous condition it leads them, sometimes, to do dangerous things. I am not suggesting that is

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what happened in this case. As I have already said, in my view the cause is more likely to have been a sudden attack of giddiness. But I have to make quite sure."

"Do you mean," asked Blanche, "that my sister-in-law may have fallen from the window purposely?"

"It is possible, Madame. Not probable."

There was a sudden silence in the room, a silence filled, it seemed to me, as I looked from one to another at their troubled faces, with swift, unspoken denial, born of their inner guilt that each one of them might have contributed to Francoise's death.

Blanche, who had so successfully taken from Marie-Noel the affection which otherwise would have been given to the child's mother; Paul, with his endless complaints about the terms of the Marriage Settlement, which made it impossible for Francoise to finance the family business; Renee, who had cared nothing that her intrigue with Jean would cause Francoise unhappiness if it came to her knowledge; and the comtesse, whose fierce maternal possessiveness had deprived Francoise not only of her husband's tenderness but also of her rightful place in the household.

None of them was free from a measure of responsibility for the state of mind which had perhaps sent Francoise to her death.

The tension was broken as Charlotte came into the room, looking aggrieved.

"You sent for me, Madame la Comtesse?"

"The commissaire de police has some questions to ask you,

Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

(from page 51)

Charlotte," replied the comtesse.

"I want to know," said the commissaire, "whether you had any conversation this morning with Madame la Comtesse Jean before the accident?"

Charlotte flashed an angry look at me, and I realised, from her expression, that she believed he was asking her this question because of some remark or complaint of mine. She thought I had already told him about her visit to the bedroom, and that she was now to be reprimanded.

"I only saw Madame Jean for a few minutes," she said. "I spread no gossip, made no mischief. If Monsieur le Comte thinks I have been causing trouble he is wrong. I said nothing to Madame Jean about the telephone conversation."

"Telephone conversation?" said the commissaire. "What telephone conversation?"

CHARLOTTE must have realised that she had made a mistake. She looked resentfully at her mistress, and then at me. Anxiety to cover her past actions had led to her own betrayal. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I thought Monsieur le Comte wanted to find fault with me. I happened to overhear a long-distance call of his to Paris, but I never mentioned this to Madame Jean. I knew my place. It wasn't for me to add to her worries."

Everyone turned in my direc-

tion, their expressions — from Renee's look of suspicion to Dr. Lebrun's evident embarrassment — betraying the obvious conclusions which they drew from Charlotte's barbed sentences. It was the comtesse who broke silence first.

"My son's telephone call was a business one," she said. "It can have no possible bearing on the present situation."

The commissaire coughed apologetically. "I have no desire to probe into Monsieur le Comte's financial affairs, Madame," he said, "but anything that might have increased his wife's anxiety is of interest." He turned to me. "Did she know about this telephone conversation?" he asked.

"She did," I said. "There was nothing about it to cause distress?"

"Nothing whatsoever. It referred to a contract I had negotiated in Paris."

The commissaire turned to Charlotte. "Why did you think the telephone call to Paris might have added to Madame la Comtesse Jean's worries?" he asked. His tone was not unkindly, merely abrupt.

Charlotte, already hostile, took it as further reproof. Once again she looked at me spitefully. "That is for Monsieur le Comte to say, not me," she replied.

Paul intervened. "This is quite ridiculous," he said. "My brother had renewed a contract with the firm of Carvalet in Paris, who take a large proportion of our glass. We were delighted he had done so. Failure would have necessitated closing down the foundry. As it is, we have renewed on terms which will enable us to carry on, at any rate for a further six months. My sister-in-law was as pleased as the rest of us."

Talbert stepped forward, looking puzzled. "I don't want to contradict you, Monsieur," he said to Paul, "but your facts are surely wrong? Carvalet sent me a copy of the new contract only this morning. It is substantially different from the last; the terms are most decidedly to your disadvantage. I was amazed when I read it. Naturally, today's tragedy put it out of my mind, but since it is now mentioned . . ." he glanced at me, "possibly Madame la Comtesse Jean was a trifle upset. She must have realised that the birth of an heir was more important than ever."

Paul stared at him, stupefied. "What do you mean?" he said. "How can the contract be to our disadvantage? The terms are most favorable."

"No," I said. "I saw the commissaire glance surreptitiously at his watch. The tangled finances of the de Gue were not his concern."

"I can explain to my brother later about the contract," I said to him quickly. "I can assure you now that my wife was not in the least concerned about it. I took her into my confidence, and she appreciated it. There is nothing more I can say. Now, are you ready to go upstairs and inspect her room?"

"Thank you, Monsieur." He turned to Charlotte for his last question. "Apart from natural anxiety over the little girl, you found Madame la Comtesse Jean her usual self?" he asked.

Charlotte shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose so," she said sullenly. "I don't know. Madame Jean was easily discouraged and depressed. She told me this last upset of hers had come about because some favorite pieces of porcelain had been broken. She set great store by her possessions. She even dusted them herself and would let no one touch them. At least they're mine," she

used to say. 'They're not part of St. Gilles.'"

The venomous parting stroke embraced us all. The chateau stood condemned. I wondered if the commissaire saw Francoise as I saw her, an isolated figure clinging to the treasures of the home she had left, lonely, neglected, sought after solely for her fortune.

He asked me whether he might now see the bedroom, and I took him upstairs, the others remaining below in the salon. As we went along the corridor he said to me, "I must again express regret, Monsieur, for all this inconvenience, and for adding to your distress at such a time."

"Please don't apologise," I said. "You have been very considerate."

I opened the door of the bedroom, and as we entered I saw in horror that the shutters were flung wide, and the windows too thrust back against the wall. The child's body was across the sill, one hand grasping the window-frame, the other, with her head and shoulders, out of sight. I heard the commissaire catch his breath. I put my hand on his arm. To dash forward was the impulse of us both, yet to do so might have startled her, causing her to lose the hold she already had.

For the eternity of perhaps ten seconds we waited, immobile. Then the child's hand shifted its grip, the body wriggled back across the sill, and the whole of her emerged from the wide space between the windows. She slipped back into the room to face us, her eyes shining, her hair dishevelled.

"I've got it," she said. "It was caught on the ledge."

The commissaire found his voice before I did. I could not speak. I could only stare at Marie-Noel, who was safe and unaware of danger. She seemed to be holding what looked like a duster.

"What have you got, my child?" he asked gently.

"Maman's locket," she said, "the locket Papa brought her last week from Paris. She must have been shaking her duster out of the window, as she always did, and the locket was caught in it. They were lying together on the ledge below. I leant out and saw them."

MARIE-NOEL came towards us. "Look," she said, "the pin of the locket is sticking into the duster. Unless I had climbed out as far as I did I couldn't have reached them. If Maman had only rung her bell, Gaston or someone would have rescued them for her. But she was impatient. She thought she could reach them herself." She looked at the commissaire. "Are you religious?" she asked.

"I hope so, Mademoiselle," he said, taken aback. "Papa is not. He is a sceptic. But finding the locket and the duster was an answer to prayer. I said to the Sainte Vierge, 'I did little for Maman when she was alive. Let me do something for her now she is dead.' The Sainte Vierge told me to lean out of the window. I did not want to do it. It was unpleasant. But I found the locket. I still don't know why that should help Maman, unless it is that to her, in Paradise, it seems better for her daughter to wear the locket than to let it lie sadly rusted and forgotten on a ledge."

Before the commissaire left he assured me that he was perfectly satisfied my wife had fallen accidentally from the window, and asked me to call on him the next day at eleven o'clock. A moment or two later he left in his car, closely followed by the two doctors. Only

the lawyer now remained, and he had the grace to apologise for his presence.

"I only stayed, Monsieur," he said, "because I understand, from the conversation I have had with your brother, that he knew nothing whatsoever of the terms of the new Carvalet contract. I thought perhaps a few words now might clarify the position."

"Nothing will clarify the position," I said, "except for my brother to read it, which he is at liberty to do whenever he pleases. I have it upstairs in my dressing-room now."

Paul hesitated. "I'm sorry to be persistent, especially at this moment," he said, "but you can hardly blame me. From what Maitre Talbert has been telling me, the new contract differs from the old on only the vital points. Does that mean everything you told Jacques and me on your return from Paris was a lie?"

"Yes," I said.

"What's that to do with you?" interrupted his mother. "Jean owns the foundry, not you. He had a perfect right to make what arrangements he pleased."

"I try to direct it, don't I?" said Paul. "God knows it's always been a thankless task. I never wanted to do it. There was nobody else. But why should Jean lie, that's what I want to know? What was the point of making fools of us all?"

"I didn't want to make fools of you," I said. "I thought it was the only way to save the foundry. I changed my mind after I came back from Paris. Don't ask me why."

"How did you think you were going to raise the capital?" asked Paul. "Talbert

says that under the new terms it would mean running the foundry at a complete loss."

"I don't know. I hadn't thought."

"Monsieur was hoping for an heir?" suggested the lawyer. "No doubt that is why he confided the matter to Madame la Comtesse Jean? Of course, as things have turned out . . ."

He stopped. Discretion overwhelmed him. The comtesse stared at him from her chair beside the fire.

"Well?" she said. "Finish your sentence, Maitre. As things have turned out—what?"

The lawyer spoke apologetically to me. "I am sure it is no secret to any one of the family, Monsieur, that under the terms of the Marriage Settlement you come into a considerable fortune on the death of your wife."

"No secret at all," I said.

"So that in point of fact," the lawyer continued, "whether the terms of the Carvalet contract are favorable or unfavorable, it doesn't matter so very much. Increase of capital will cover the loss."

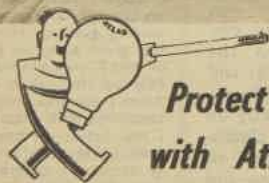
Nobody seemed to have noticed, or even cared, that Marie-Noel was seated on a stool beside her grandmother, and was listening intently to the conversation.

"Does Monsieur Talbert mean that Papa gets some money after all?" she said. "I thought he only got money if I had a brother?"

"Be quiet," said her grandmother.

"Yes," said Paul slowly. "I

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Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOL



Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.
AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

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Piccaninny prepared wax floor polish
now comes in giant, economy 20oz cans,
at the same **LOW PRICE**



LIQUID

You'll WAX ENTHUSIASTIC about the new

PICCANINNY

Twice the shine in half the time
for timber floors or linos



LIQUID BROWN STAIN POLISH now in giant economy cans brings glowing beauty to floors of Jarrah and Cedar and to dark Furniture.



Now, it's easy to give timber floors and linoleums 'Twice the shine in half the time'. Just pour it on, then polish the wax to the richest, longest-lasting lustre you've ever seen. Active feet can't mar Piccaninny. Dirt and water can't penetrate the shining wax film. Buy and try Piccaninny's new liquid prepared wax polish in the giant 20-oz. cans that offer you More for your money . . . And remember, only Piccaninny keeps floors 'radiantly alive' without constant attention.

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Piccaninny's famous trio of prepared waxes have been making housework easier and homes brighter for three generations. Still available in Golden Tone; Transparent White for floors and linos and in Brown Stain for Jarrah, stained floors and woodwork.

IT'S CLEAR—FOR PLAIN LINOS AND FURNITURE

Clear as crystal this new liquid Piccaninny, bringing shining new beauty to contemporary furniture, light linos and white pine floors. It will keep them young-looking years longer. Try it and see!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957

Page 53

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW

Don't
DO IT



SAYS MR. SAFETY PIN



MOST ELECTRICAL FATALITIES
ARE CAUSED BY:

- AMATEUR ELECTRICAL REPAIRS
- MEDDLING WITH APPLIANCES
- WRONGLY WIRED OR LOOSELY CONNECTED PLUGS
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BE WISE — PLAY SAFE

Get a competent tradesman to do the job.

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THE ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

MAN!
—THAT'S
REALLY
SMOOTH!

MUMS
THE WORD FOR
CUSTARD!

MAC 28.62

Page 54

Coaster set in tatting



TATTED LACE COASTERS will protect polished furniture from drinks and spill-marks. See the directions below.

● Tatting is an art that has been revived recently in Europe and America. The pretty design on this page combines with linen to show how attractive and practical a set of tatted coasters can be.

Materials: One ball selected color Coats' Chain Mercer Crochet, No. 60; piece of linen 4in. by 18in.; Milward's tatting shuttle.

Measurements: 3½in. in diameter.

Abbreviations: R, ring; d.s., double stitch; p, picot; cl., close; ch., chain; r.w., reverse work; sep., separate; sm.r., small ring; l.r., large ring.

DIRECTIONS

Tie ball and shuttle threads together. Commence at flower motif in the outside row. R of 3 d.s., p, (4 d.s., p) twice, 3 d.s., cl. R.w., ch. of (5 d.s., p) twice, 5 d.s., * R.w., r of 3 d.s., p, 4 d.s., join to 2nd p of first r., 4 d.s., p, 3 d.s., cl. R.w., ch. of (5 d.s., p) twice, 5 d.s.; rep. from * twice more. Join by shuttle thread to base of first r. This completes a flower. Ch. of 9 d.s., p, 3 d.s., r.w., sm.r. of 9 d.s., p, 5 d.s., p, 4 d.s., cl. R.w., sm.r. of 3 d.s., join to p in preceding ch., 6 d.s., p, 3 d.s., p, 6 d.s., cl. R.w., ch. of 10 d.s., R.w., l.r. of 12 d.s., p, 12 d.s., cl., r.w., ch. of 10 d.s., R.w., sm.r. of 6 d.s., p, 3 d.s., p, 6 d.s., p, 3 d.s., cl. R.w., sm.r. of 4 d.s., join to last p of first sm.r., 5 d.s., p, 9 d.s., cl., r.w., ch. of 3 d.s., join to last p of the third sm.r., 9 d.s. R of 3 d.s., p, (4 d.s., p) twice, 3 d.s., cl. R.w., ch. of 5 d.s., p, 5 d.s., join to corresponding p of last ch. of previous flower motif, 5

d.s. R.w., and complete flower as before. Join at base of first r of flower. Tie and cut. Make 2 more groups, but with l.r. uppermost and to the right of preceding group join the first p on 4th ch. of flower motif, the 2 p's of sm.r. and the p of l.r. to corresponding p's.

These three groups make a half circle. Make another half circle in this manner. Cut a circle of linen 3in. in diameter. Make a narrow hem all round and sew tatting to linen along edges.

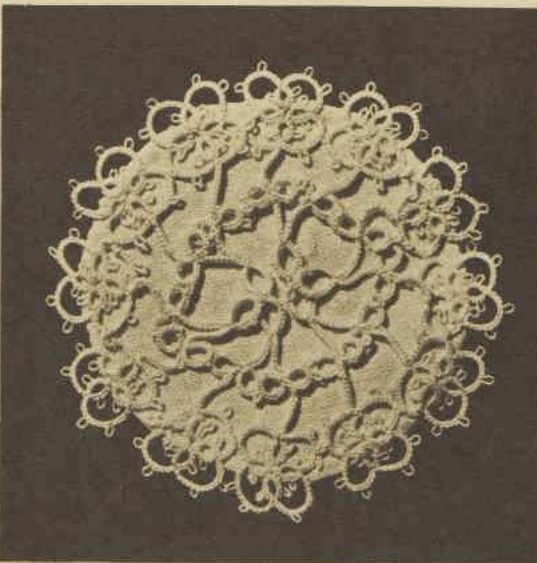
Make other 5 mats in same manner.

Damp and press.

Laundry tips for lace

TATTING, crochet, and other types of delicate lace require special care when they are washed. The best way is to wash them by hand, whisking them through mild soap suds. If using a machine, put the lace in a pillowslip to keep it from tearing. Rinse, roll in a towel, and then place flat to dry.

★ ★ ★
ROUND lace mats are best dried by patting flat and pinning into shape with rustless pins.



CLOSE-UP of the coaster shows the attractive but simple design. Even a beginner will find the pattern easy to follow. Each coaster measures 3½ inches across. Tat the pattern in white, and back it with a piece of pastel linen for an interesting effect.

Which is today
best buy in
household sewing
machines



Check these
questions
then judge
for
yourself



Does the household sewing machine you want to buy have the following qualities?

- ☐ Does it have a LARGE WORKING SURFACE?
- ☐ Is it FULLY AUTOMATIC—does it sew from left to right and, above all, backwards and forwards without your guidance?
- ☐ Are its STITCHES AND PATTERNS UNLIMITED? Can the most varied discs be inserted to produce an exhaustible number of entirely new stitches, or are you limited to a few inalterable stitch patterns?
- ☐ Can it do TURKISH HEMSTITCHING fully automatically?
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7,

Silver glints in sweater

The deep V yoke of this glamorous evening sweater, with highlights of silver thread, combines figure flattery with elegance. In simple stitches, the pattern is in five sizes.

HERE are full directions for making the sweater.

Materials: Sizes A, B, and C, Villawool "Horizon" wool in main shade and contrast shade, 2 reels silver thread, sizes D and E, Villawool "Horizon" wool in main shade and contrast shade, 3 reels of silver thread, 1 pr. No. 11 needles; 1 stitch-holder; card of bias binding.

Measurements: Bust: Size A (B-36, C-38, D-40, E-42) inches; Length from shoulder: Size

A-22 (B-23, C-23½, D-24½, E-25) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin. (No. 11 needles).

Instructions are given for size A, any variations for sizes B, C, D, and E are given in parentheses.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and main shade wool, cast on 136 (B-144; C-152; D-160; E-168) sts.

Work 9 rows in st-st. Knit 1 row (wrong side facing) for turn of hem.

Work 10 more rows in st-st., then commence shaping as follows:

1st Row: K 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 42, k 2 tog., k 40 (B-48; C-56; D-64; E-72), k 2 tog., k 42, k 2 tog., k 2.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

9th Row: K 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 41, k 2 tog., k 38 (B-46; C-54; D-62; E-70), k 2 tog., k 41, k 2 tog., k 2.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

Cont. in this manner, dec. 4 sts. every 8th row by working 1 st. less on each side panel and 2 sts. less on centre panel till decreased to 108 (B-116; C-124; D-132; E-140) sts.

Now inc. 1 st. in the 3rd st. from each end of 5th and every following 4th row till inc. to 136 (B-144; C-152; D-160; E-168) sts.

Work even till back measures 14½ (B-15; C-15½; D-16; E-16½) in. from hemline.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; then k 2 tog. each end of next and every alt. row 5 times in all. (A-104; B-112; C-120; D-128; E-136 sts.).

Work even till armholes measure 2½ (B-3; C-3; D-3½; E-3½) in.

To Shape Neck: K 24, cast off 56 (B-64; C-72; D-80; E-88) sts., k 24.

Working on last 24 sts. only, cont. as follows:

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Cast off 4 sts. (neck edge), k to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows till all sts. are worked off.

Join wool to rem. 24 sts. at neck edge and work to correspond with other side, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Work same as for back till front measures 11 (B-11½; C-12; D-12½; E-13) in. and sts. are inc. to 136 (B-144; C-152; D-160; E-168).

To Shape Neck: K 68 (B-72; C-76; D-80; E-84) sts., turn.

Leave rem. sts. on a stitch-holder and work on these sts. only.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., purl to end of row.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows till front measures same as back to armholes.

To Shape Armhole: Cont. to cast off 2 sts. at front edge every alt. row, at the same time cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row; 3 sts. at beg. of next alt. row; 2 sts. at beg. of next alt. row; then k 2 tog. at beg. of every alt. row 5 times in all. Cont. to cast off 2 sts. at neck edge every alt. row, and when sts. are dec. to 13 (B-14; C-12; D-10; E-10), k 2 tog. at neck edge every alt. row till all sts. are worked off.

Join wool to rem. sts. at neck edge and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing all shapings.

BACK YOKE

Using No. 11 needles and contrast shade, cast on 33 sts. Join in silver thread, and, using wool and thread together, work in moss-st. for lin. (Moss-st. is used throughout yoke.)

Mark beg. of next row (shaping edge) and cont. as follows:

* Work 7 sts., turn — work back.

Work 11 sts., turn — work back.

Work 15 sts., turn — work back.

Then work 11 sts., turn — work back.

Work 7 sts., turn — work back.

Now work lin. across all 33 sts. * (always measure between shapings on edge opposite marking thread).

** Beg. at shaped edge, work 7 sts., turn — work back, then work, turn, and work back on 11, 15, 19, 23, 19, 15, 11, and 7 sts. in this order.

Work across all sts. for lin. **

Rep. from ** to **, and then work for 5 (B-6; C-7; D-8; E-9) in. across all sts.

Beg. at shaped edge, work from ** to ** twice, then from * to * once. Work for lin. across all sts. Cast off.

FRONT YOKE

Using contrast shade wool and silver thread, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: K into front and back of each st.

2nd and Alt. Rows: P 1, k 1 to end of row.

3rd Row: K 1, inc. in next 2 sts., p 1.

5th Row: K 1, p 1, inc. in next 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

7th Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, inc. in next 2 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1. Cont. in this way, inc. in centre 2 sts. on alt. rows and keeping continuity of moss-st. on even-number rows until inc. to 66 sts., ending with an inc. row.

Next Row: Moss-st. 33, turn — leave rem. sts. on a stitch-holder.

Cont. on first 33 sts. for 9 (B-9; C-9½; D-10; E-10) in. Cast off.

Join wool and thread to rem. 33 sts. and work this side to correspond with first side.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts, using warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch shaped edge of back yoke to neck edge, leaving 3 in. free each end for continuation of armhole. Stitch front yoke in the same manner, making sure that centre front of yoke is in line with centre of neck. Join shoulder and side seams. Press seams flat. Turn up hem at lower edge and slip-stitch to reverse side. Finish armhole edges and joining of yoke to neck edge with bias binding.



WARMTH AND GLAMOR combine in this evening sweater for cocktails or home entertaining. Knitted in soft wool, the bodice is of plain stocking-stitch, and the V yoke is in moss-stitch, highlighted with silver thread.



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There are no more carefully chosen serials than the line-up on

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8.30 a.m. STRANGER IN PARADISE

... A thriller ... a story of itching suspense.

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... A challenging story for every woman.

9.15 a.m. THE LIFE OF MARY SOTHERN

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 7, 1957



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rich with natural juices... ready to serve!

*and you get MORE for
your money because
each tin is packed full
of mushrooms!*

No peeling... no bother... no cooking! When you buy "Big Sister" Sliced Mushrooms, you get the pick of the finest field-fresh mushrooms with the flavour sealed in. Mushrooms that are broiled in fresh dairy butter and simmered to tenderness in their own delicious juices without heavy thickening. That's why you pay a little more. But remember, you're really getting MORE mushrooms and more flavour for your money.



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MUSHROOMS



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Add milk... heat... and eat! That's all you do to provide generous family helpings of the most delicious soup, creamy smooth and rich with chunks of fresh mushrooms blended with savoury ingredients.

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Restores natural lustre to all silver

Continuing The Scapegoat

from page 52

suppose we did know that. But it's not one of the things people discuss in a family. Naturally, every one of us was hoping my sister-in-law would have a son."

The lawyer said nothing. There was nothing he could say. Paul turned to me. "I'm sorry," he said, "but if you don't mind, I still think it's only fair to me if I see the contract."

I threw the bunch of keys on the table. "It's in the valise in the wardrobe," I said. "Go and find it, if you like."

Marie-Noel jumped to her feet. "I'll find it," she said, seizing the keys. She was out of the room before anyone thought of stopping her. Not that it mattered; the contract would have to be read.

"Really, Paul," said Renee, "you're being very inconsiderate. As Maitre Talbert says, the position is changed now, because of poor Francoise's death, and I hardly think this is the moment to start talking business. It makes me feel extremely uncomfortable, and it must be very painful for Jean."

"It's painful for the whole family," said Paul. "I don't want the foundry to benefit because of Francoise. I hate being made a fool of, that's all."

MAITRE TALBERT was ill at ease. "I apologise," he said. "I would not have mentioned the matter had I known there was this unfortunate misunderstanding between you as to the terms. Naturally, I am at your disposal, Monsieur," he said to me, "for a full discussion on this and other matters at any time convenient to you after the funeral."

"The funeral will be on Friday," said the comtesse. "I have already arranged it with Monsieur le Cure. My daughter-in-law will be brought home the day after tomorrow and will lie here so that our friends and everyone in the district will have time to pay their respects. I shall, of course, receive them."

The lawyer bowed. "You will have the kindness, Maitre," she went on, "to see that notification of the death goes to the newspapers this evening so that it can be read in tomorrow's editions. I have written the notices myself." She took some sheets of paper from her lap and handed them to him. "Monsieur le Cure is arranging with the Mother Superior of the convent at Lauray to send sisters to the chateau to watch during the nights of Wednesday and Thursday."

She paused for reflection, tapping the arm of her chair with her fingers. "The bearers, of course, will be our own people on the estate. Let us hope the weather holds. My husband died in winter when the snow was on the ground and the men found it very slippery as they carried him over the bridge."

The sound of Marie-Noel running down the stairs and across the hall could be heard through the open door.

Marie-Noel went straight to Paul and gave him the document.

"Have I your permission?" he asked, glancing at me.

"Naturally," I said. For a while there was no sound except the rustling of paper as Paul turned the crisp pages of the contract. Then he turned to me.

"You realise," he said, his voice expressionless, betraying nothing of what he must have felt, "that this contract goes against all we agreed to before you went to Paris?"

"Yes," I said. "You've signed the duplicate and returned it to them?"

"I signed it on Saturday and posted it on the way home."

"Then there's nothing more to be done. As Maman says, you own the business, you can make what terms you please. It just means that, as far as I am concerned, trying to run it for you becomes impossible."

He stood up and handed me back the contract. His frustrated, harassed face looked suddenly old and tired. "Heaven knows I don't pretend to have brains," he said, "but if I had gone to Paris I could have done better than that. Only someone with immense capital behind him could afford to put his name to such terms. All I can conclude is that you were in an extraordinarily reckless frame of mind the whole time you were in Paris."

For a moment no one spoke. Then the comtesse reached for the bell beside the fire. "I think," she said, "that we needn't detain Maitre Talbert any longer. A prolonged discussion on the future of the foundry is quite out of place at the present time, and I am sure that he must have plenty to do in Villars as we have here in the chateau."

The lawyer shook hands with all of us and followed Gaston from the room.

The comtesse turned to me. "You look tired, Jean," she said. "You've had a long, emotional day. Why not have a rest? You have just an hour before we go to church for the special Mass for Francoise, which Monsieur le Cure has arranged. After that we shall all drive into Villars to the hospital chapel."

I went outside and stood in the grounds beyond the moat. The cattle had come to pasture and the sun had dipped behind the trees.

Paul came and joined me on the terrace under the windows. For a moment or two he smoked a cigarette in silence, then nervously he threw it away, saying abruptly, "I meant what I said just now."

"What did you say?" I asked. "That it was impossible to run the foundry for you any more."

"You said that? I'm sorry. I'd forgotten."

I TURNED and looked at him, and his face, perplexed, weary, seemed to merge into that of his sister Blanche, when, tense and watchful, she had stared at me only a little while before as we waited in the hospital. I knew that his sudden doubt of me, and his aversion, too, sprang not merely from feelings going back to boyhood days, to childish slights and jealousies and quarrels, turning later to suspicion and envy; they were due also to my own blunders in his brother's name, my own failings and weaknesses that could not be explained. I might, if I had tried, have drawn him to me as a comrade and a friend; instead I had antagonised him, sown still more discord and dislike, and his present mood was part of the damage I had done, like the still face of Francoise in the hospital bed.

"What's your reason?" I asked.

"My reason?" He stared down into the moat. "We've never got on, you know that. You had all the favors and I the kicks. I've been used to that my whole life. You asked me to run the foundry for you because nobody else would take it on after Maurice was shot, and you were too idle yourself. I did it for the sake of the family, not for you. At

To page 58

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Cut Out Only: Nightgown, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust, ballerina-length 59/-, full-length 75/-; Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Petticoat, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust, 48/6. Postage and registration 1/- extra. Scanties, sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30in. waist, 21/-; Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Three-piece set with ballerina-length nightgown £26/3/6, set with full-length nightgown £26/19/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Note: If ordering by mail send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

least, up to date, I've respected your business judgment, if nothing else. Now I can't even do that."

His voice, resentful, bitter, sounded as though he had lost all faith not only in his work but in himself; as if what he had striven to do, through the years, had come to no account, the purpose gone. The foolish contract he had read, which had been set in motion by a stranger during five minutes over the telephone, might have been drawn up deliberately to mock him, tearing asunder everything he had with patience helped to build.

"Supposing," I said slowly, "that in future I rely upon your business judgment, not you on mine?"

"What do you mean?" His eyes, wretched, doubting, reminded me of those snapshots in the album, where he stood always on the fringe of a group, because the central figure claimed attention, and he, uncertain, somehow did not fit into the picture but was out of place.

"You said in the sillon that you had no brains," I said, "but that nevertheless, if you had gone to Paris, you could have done better than I did. You're right; you could have done. Suppose, in the future, you take on that part of the business—travel, get the orders, go to Paris, London, any city you please, get fresh contacts, meet people, go all over the world if you like—while I stay here?"

He straightened himself and looked at me, puzzled, unbelieving.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. Then, because he looked doubtful still, "Don't you want to travel? Don't you want to get away?"

"Not want to get away?" His laugh was short, mirthless. "Naturally I want to get away. I always have done. But there was never the money, nor the opportunity. Nor did you ever make it possible for me."

"I can make it possible for you now," I said.

Constraint, that had for the moment vanished, came near to us again. He looked away from me. "Because you've come

Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

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into a fortune you're going to play benefactor, is that it?" he asked.

"I hadn't thought of it that way," I said. "It just struck me, suddenly, that your life hasn't been an easy one. I'm sorry."

"It's rather late for regrets after all these years."

"Perhaps. I don't know. You still haven't answered my question."

"You mean," he said, "that you'd give me a free hand to travel in Europe, or even America, visiting other factories, other small plants like ours, seeing how it is possible to

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

keep going under similar conditions by using more up-to-date methods, so that at the end of six months or so, when I got back, we might incorporate them here at St. Gilles?"

The voice, which had been bitter and resentful, was suddenly interested, alert; and I, who had thought out none of the things he suggested, but was only profoundly sorry for having interfered in his life, realised that unwittingly I had stumbled upon an idea that would give his life new meaning.

Instead of seeing himself as the younger brother, put upon, overburdened, never thanked, he would be transformed into the one who made decisions, bringing fresh blood to what had been decayed and dying, thereby saving both tradition and himself.

"I believe you could do all that and more," I said. "Talk to Renee, see what she says. I

don't want to force you to it."

"Renee . . ." For a moment he frowned, thinking hard, then awkwardly, a little diffident, he said, "It might be the answer for us both. We haven't been very happy—you've known that. If I once got her away from here, everything might be different. She's felt herself wasted at St. Gilles, whereas if we were travelling, meeting people, and she had something to think about, she'd stop being bored and dissatisfied, and I'd be a better companion. I wouldn't seem the country boor that I do to her now."

He stood staring in front of him, the new image of himself taking shape and substance, and oddly, with a sort of poignancy, I saw the image too—the Paul he wanted to become, wearing flashier clothes, a gaudier tie, playing deck quints on a transatlantic liner, drinking martinis with Renee in a bar. And through his eyes I saw Renee smiling upon him, elegant and sleek, the pair of them enveloped in a little cloud of their own success, which would make them kinder to each other.

"Can I discuss this with Renee now, tonight?" he asked abruptly. "Before there's any chance of your changing your mind."

"I shan't change my mind," I said. "Good luck to you, Paul." And, foolishly, like an old-fashioned figure in a drawing-room comedy, I put out my hand to him, and he shook it, stiffly, as though sealing a pact. I wondered if this was forgiveness of my own immediate blunders or whether it also included the past that was not mine.

He turned and disappeared into the chateau, and I went on standing there, watching the black and white cattle outlined against the dark trees, feeling the first chill of evening touch me from the long grass. Because no one came to join me, and I was undisturbed, I tried to make my own prayer to

Francoise, who was dead through folly and neglect, a prayer which I should not be able to offer later at her special Mass or in the hospital chapel, where acting her husband's part would make me a deceiver.

When the church bell tolled solemnly, breaking the stillness, and I went and joined the others in the hall, I saw that we were not to walk across to the village as we had done on Sunday, but were to go formally in the cars. Both were drawn up below the terrace, with Gaston in uniform at the wheel of the first and Paul at the second; and the three women, already in deep black, followed by Marie-Noel in a dark winter coat, entered the cars in some order of precedence, which had already been decided upon—the comtesse, myself, and the child in the Renault, and Paul driving his sister and his wife.

Slowly we proceeded through the gateway and descended from the cars after two minutes' drive, entered the church, and took our places at the front as we had done on Sunday.

I wondered, kneeling there, listening to the Mass, what petitions went up in fervor or humility from those beside me, whether they asked for the repose of the absent Francoise or pardon for themselves; and it seemed to me that both requests must by their very likeness fuse, the ultimate purpose of all such prayers being surely the abolition of anxiety and pain.

The Mass over, we drove to Villars to stand for a few moments in the chapel. Strangely, it was not, as I had expected, distressing and macabre. I watched the child, fearing perhaps tears of apprehension, but she gave no sign of either. She looked with interest at the two nuns, at the candles, at the flowers, and I realised that to her, as perhaps to the rest of us, sorrow and regret had no place here, but only curiosity and a vague surprise.

It was nearly half-past eight by the time we returned to

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CUMQUATS are a decorative garden tree. This round variety is Marumi.

AUGUST is the time to . . .

Get the ground ready for September planting of citrus trees . . . complete planting of ornamental shrubs, roses, and deciduous shade trees . . . and establish herbaceous perennials.

YOU should order citrus trees for delivery early next month, selecting Washington navel and Valencia oranges as the two best of that section, Marsh's seedless grapefruit, Meyer or Lisbon lemon, and Emperor or Beauty of Glen Retreat mandarin.

It is also wise to leave room for the small but useful cumquat tree, which makes excellent preserves.

When preparing the ground carefully for citrus trees, bear in mind that they need well-drained soil that is rich and fertile. In heavy soil areas, break up any hardpan beneath the top soil and add sand to improve drainage.

August is also the month when you should:

- Lightly cultivate round spring-flowering shrubs such as lilacs, spiraeas, weigela, philadelphus, deutzia, choysya, and sambucus, and give them a top-dressing of old manure.

- Plant out azaleas, rhododendrons, camellias, eupatoriums, rondoletia, mint bush, protea, frangipani, oleander, photinia, murraya, lasiandra, and escallonia when the danger of frost is over.

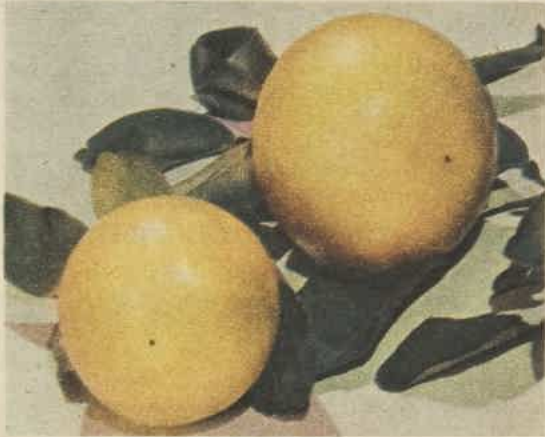
Apart from being frost-kill, most of these need protection from cold winds.

If the weather should break during August, weeds will grow apace and should be killed with 2,4-D, or, in the case of woody species, with 2,4,5-T. With soft annuals, weeds should be dug in.

- Finish making up the beds for summer-flowering annuals, such as asters, zinnias, snapdragons, celosia, candytuft, dianthus, marigolds, petunias, and cockscombs, and buy seed to sow during September.

Sow the seeds of these plants in Queensland and the far north coast of N.S.W., but from Sydney south wait until spring comes in or germination will be faulty or fail.

- Set out seedlings of late spring and early summer-flowering plants that will provide the garden with color.



GRAPEFRUIT. Marsh's seedless (pictured above) is one of the best varieties for home gardeners to grow. Both grapefruit and cumquats are excellent for preserves, making a change from more popular orange and lemon marmalades.

The hardest of these for early planting are ageratum, gaillardia, anchusa, candytuft, columbine, dianthus, sweet william, geum, gerbera, godetia, snapdragons, heuchera, perennial lupin and phlox, annual phlox and statice.

- Under glass, sow seeds of salvia, torenia, verbena, zinnia, aster, dahlia, thalictrum, romneya, and petunia.

When they are big enough to handle, and the weather has

GARDENING

warmed up, transplant to sunny position in open ground.

- Feed the soil well where the spring gladioli are to be sown.

If the ground was well limed some time back, fertilise with old manure, for gladioli need well-worked, rich soil.

When the corms throw up sprouts about 3 to 4 in. high, start spraying with DDT emulsion to check attacks by gladiolus thrips, which rasp the shoots and later attack and ruin both leaves and buds. Spray every week until the buds start to open.

- Finish planting pips of lily-of-the-valley in Victoria, South Australia, and N.S.W.

This dainty plant needs an acid to mildly neutral soil. Old beds should be topped with an inch or so of rotted leaf mould or well-sieved old cow manure.

- Sow bulbs now of achimenes, calla, arum, crinum, gloriosa, gloxinia, flag iris, kniphofia, tuberous and basket begonia, and tuberose.

When buying tuberose, select those with closed tubers

and not those with open and exhausted tubers, which flowered last season. These old bulbs will not flower again.

For good results be sure to choose a sunny, well-drained position, well protected from strong winds, for this highly scented, dainty flower.

Fill pots with good fibrous soil for tuberous-rooted begonias, putting 1 in. of drainage material at the bottom.

Basket begonias can be grown in sphagnum moss-lined baskets filled with rich, sandy loam, or wide, flat pots, from which they spill over 18 in.

Leave the corms or tubers on top of the soil, but firm in well all round.

- Along New South Wales' coast finish planting potatoes.

In warm, sandy soils, seeds of beets, carrots, parsnips, white turnips, silver beet, lettuce, and radish can be sown.

Further north, from Kempsey to Queensland, plant seeds of leeks, cape gooseberry, cucumber, melon, marrow, squash, and pumpkin in well-manured hills 6 ft. to 8 ft. apart.

French beans can also be sown in sandy areas with a north-easterly aspect north of Newcastle. Tomato seeds for planting out in October can also be sown this month.

- Finish rose-pruning as early as possible this month, and complete all rose-planting.

Collect all fallen leaves that showed black spot last autumn and burn them, together with all diseased prunings. Spray them with white oil for the control of white-rose scale.

- Plant out passion vines and rooted grapevines in sunny, well-drained positions.

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P070

the chateau, the cure joining us for dinner. The comtesse, whom I had never before seen in the dining-room, took her place opposite me at the end of the table, and her presence there, despite the solemnity of the occasion, gave sudden warmth and distinction to the room. Instead of being a mourning party, we might have been sitting down to a New Year dinner.

The voices, which had started by being low, subdued, rose as the meal progressed, and after the dessert had been served and the tray of coffee cups taken to the salon, the comtesse leading the procession, it was almost as if, once the servants had departed, we were going to put on paper caps, play forfeits, or roast chestnuts in the fire.

ONLY when the cure had taken his departure did the comtesse, for the first time, flag; and glancing at her I saw that she had turned suddenly grey. The beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead and ran down her cheeks, and her eyes, flickering restlessly about the room, lost instantly all life and concentration.

Quietly I said, "I'm going to take you upstairs."

She stared at me as if she did not understand, and then, when I put out my arm to her, she leant upon it, trembling. I said, loudly, so that the others heard, "I think it would be much better if we went over the lists together in your room."

She straightened herself, gripping my arm more firmly, and as we moved towards the door she said clearly, without difficulty, "Good night, good night, everybody. Don't disturb yourself. Jean and I have matters we prefer to discuss upstairs."

They all rose instantly, and Blanche, coming forward, said, "You should never have come down, Maman. It has been too much for you."

Her words had just the necessary sting to waken response, and in a second her mother turned, loosening her hold upon my arm, retorting,

Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

[from page 58]

"When I want advice from you I'll ask for it. There are four hundred envelopes to address before tomorrow evening. I suggest you make a start tonight, and the child can help."

We went out of the room and climbed the stairs together to the first corridor. As she paused there for a moment to regain breath she said, "Why did I say that? What are the invitations for?"

"The funeral," I said, "the funeral on Friday."

"Whose funeral?"

"Francoise's," I replied.

"Of course," she said. "For a moment I had forgotten. I was thinking of that time when we made lists for Blanche's wedding. We had the invitations printed, and then none of them were used."

She took my arm again and we mounted the second flight, and as we turned along the

corridor to her room in the tower the shadows seemed to close in upon us, the silence deepened, and it was as though we were retreating to a past that was always there.

CHARLOTTE opened the door for us, and I could see at once from her face that she was frightened. She darted a look at me, suspicious, anxious, and when the comtesse had passed through into the room she whispered to me, "The boxes have gone from the dressing-room."

"I know," I said. "I took them away."

"What for?" she said. "I shall need them tonight."

"No," I said.

I pushed by her, following the comtesse, and I said, "Un-

dress and get into bed, Maman. You may sleep, you may not. Either way, it doesn't matter. I shall stay here in the room with you tonight."

Her shadow, reflected on the ceiling, monstrous and overpowering like a witch, seemed part of the heavy curtains and the hangings to the bed; but when she turned and looked at me the movement dwarfed the shadow, the shadow shrank to the ground, and the smile belonged to the woman who downstairs in the dining-room had held court and made a fiesta out of mourning, opposing tragedy with her own wit and pride.

"The tables are turned," she said. "It's a long time since one of us lay in bed and the other watched. You had a high temperature once when you were twelve years old. I sat in your room beside you and bathed your face. Is that what

you're prepared to do for me tonight?"

She laughed and waved me from the room, calling to Charlotte. I went out into the corridor and down to the salon, and found the others turning out the lights. Marie-Noel went towards the stairs hand-in-hand with Blanche, her small face white with fatigue now that the day had ended.

"You'll come and say good-night, Papa?" she asked.

"Yes," I promised, and went back into the dining-room for a cigarette. When I returned again into the hall I found that Renee had not followed the others, but was waiting for me on the stairs. Seeing her thus reminded me of that first evening, when, with my hand on the door leading to the terrace, I had suddenly heard her footsteps behind me, and she had stood there in her wrapper with her hair falling to her shoulders. Now she was no longer passionate or angry or disconsolate, but somehow wiser and a little shamed, as though recognising that the tragedy of the day was now a final barrier between us.

"So you want to get rid of us, Paul and me?" she said. "Have you been planning this ever since you returned from Paris?"

I shook my head. "There's no question of it being planned," I told her. "This evening out on the terrace the idea came to me, that's all. If you dislike the thought, put it out of your head."

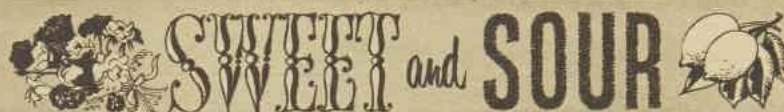
She did not say anything for a moment.

She seemed to be considering something, and then she said slowly, "You've altered, Jean. I don't mean because of today and the terrible shock to all of us; I mean for some little while. You're not the same."

"In what way have I changed?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't just mean you've changed to me. I realise now that you were amusing yourself these past months. You were bored, there was nothing else for you to do, and I happened to be here. You've changed

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Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

RECENTLY I was in a very despondent mood and was mentally listing all my faults and failures when my husband walked into the room. I felt I'd been bad-tempered with him on occasions for no good reason, so I asked:

"Darling, am I an awful nagger?"

"No."

"Am I hard to live with?"

"Hard to live without, darling!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. D. Mountain, 180 Francis St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

A FRIEND called one day with her two small children. When we were comfortably settled for afternoon tea, she remarked:

"It's lovely to come here. It doesn't matter how the children behave."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. G. Lancaster, 6 Keane St., Floreat Park, W.A.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957

Continuing The Scapegoat

from page 60

somehow in yourself, become harder, more withdrawn."

"Harder?" I said. "I should have thought the reverse. Softer, weaker in every way."

"Oh, no." She considered me thoughtfully. "I'm not the only one to notice it. Paul said the same thing only a day or two ago, when you burnt your hand. You've been more detached, not only to me but to everyone. That's why it surprised us both that you made this suggestion that we should travel, and not you. From your behaviour the past week, you gave the impression that the one thing in the world you wanted was to get away."

I stared at her, disconcerted. "I gave that impression?" I said.

"Frankly, yes."

"It isn't true," I said. "I've never stopped thinking about all of you, day and night. The chateau, the foundry, Maman, the child, the whole family—you've been continually in my mind. The last thing I want to do is to go away."

She looked incredulous. "I don't understand you," she said. "I suppose the truth is that I never have. I was a fool to imagine I once did. You were never in love with me for one minute, were you?"

"I'm not in love with you now, Renee," I said. "I don't know about the past, but I rather doubt it."

"You see?" she said. "You are harder. You have changed. You can't even be bothered to pretend any more." She paused, and then slowly, reluctantly, she added, "Paul hasn't said so, but I'm sure he believes it, and I'm beginning to believe it, too. Did you make that contract cold-bloodedly, deliberately, on the chance that . . . that what happened today might happen anyway?"

Her voice was low, yet I sensed a kind of urgency behind it, a mixture of wonder and horror that the man with whom she had been infatuated might have acted thus, and in doing so have somehow implicated her in his plans.

"If you think I made that contract believing Françoise would die, no, Renee," I said to her.

She drew in her breath. "I'm glad," she said. "In the chapel this evening I was suddenly . . . overwhelmed by everything that had happened. A week ago I couldn't have left St. Gilles, but now . . ." she turned and began to climb the stairs, "now I know I can't go on living here. I must get away—it's the only hope we have for the future, Paul and I."

As I switched off the light and climbed the stairs in darkness, it seemed to me that what I had done to these two, Paul and Renee, was not my own doing, the action of the solitary self of my former life, nor yet that of Jean de Gue, whose shadow I had become, but the work of a third—someone who was neither he nor I but a fusion of the two of us, who had no corporeal existence, who was born not of thought but of intuition, and brought release to us both.

Marie-Noel had asked me to say goodnight, and presently I went through the swing-door to her own turret stair and turned the handle of her door, expecting to find her still dressed, or at her prie-dieu. But the long day had closed upon her at the last. She was in bed, asleep. The image of the chapel had not left her untouched, as I had thought. Two lighted candles stood at the foot of the bed, and her toy duck now knelt in prayer between them. A celluloid baby doll with a battered skull reposed in her arms, upon her breast, and on a piece of paper, pinned to the head of the bed, these words were written: "Here lie the mortal remains of Marie-Noel de Gue, who de-

parted this life in the year of our Lord 1956, and whose faith in the Blessed Virgin brought peace and repentance to the humble village of St. Gilles."

I blew out the candles, and, leaving the window open, closed the shutters. Then I went down the turret stairs and through to the other side of the chateau, to that other room in the tower. Here there were no candles burning, only a light beside the bed, and the woman on the pillows was not asleep like the child, but awake and watchful. Her eyes, sunk in her grey exhausted face, stared up to mine.

"I thought you weren't coming," she said.

I dragged the chair from beside the stove and pushed it close to the bed. I sat down in it and put out my hand to her. She held it fast.

"I sent Charlotte to her room," she said. "I told her, 'Monsieur le Comte is looking after me tonight. I don't need you.' That's what you meant me to say, didn't you?"

"Yes, Maman," I answered.

HER grip tightened and I knew she would hold it thus, through the night, as her defence against darkness, and I must not move, nor withdraw it, for if I did the bond would be loosened and the meaning lost.

"I've been thinking," she said. "In a few days' time, when everything's over, I shall leave this room and go downstairs to my old one. It's more practical. I can keep my eye on things."

"Just as you like," I answered.

"Lying here," she said, "I find my memory goes. I don't know if I am in the present or the past. And I have had dreams."

The gilt clock beside her bed ticked loudly, and the pendulum, showing through a glass case, moved backwards, forwards, the two combining to make the minutes slow. "Last night," she said, "I dreamt you were not in the chateau. You were fighting with the Resistance once again, and I was reading the note you smuggled to me the evening Maurice Duval was shot. I kept reading it over and over again until I thought my head would burst. Then when you gave me the morphine I didn't dream any more."

In Villars, Bela had a luminous clock in a small leather case, the hands showing white against the dark face, and the tick, rapid and so quiet that one barely heard it, was like the quick, live pulse of a human heart.

"If you dream tonight," I said, "I shall be here. It won't matter."

I leant forward and turned out the light with my burnt hand, and at once the darkness seemed to press upon me, enveloping me. The despair that was in the shadows invaded me, and she began to talk and mutter in a half-sleep that I could not share but could only listen to, with the ticking clock. Sometimes she called out, cursing, sometimes she fell into a prayer, once she broke into uncontrollable laughter; but never, as the fragmentary thoughts pursued her, did she clamor for relief, nor yet release my hand.

Just after five o'clock she fell asleep and I leant forward and looked down at her; her face seemed to me no longer a mask, haggard, fearful, hiding the torment of months and years; but peaceful, relaxed, and oddly beautiful, not even old.

To be concluded

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THE COMPLAINT PEOPLE DON'T MUCH CARE TO TALK ABOUT



Doctors agree that this is IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS

Many of the ills that help to fill your doctor's waiting room are directly or indirectly due to constipation. Countless people are less well, less happy, less efficient than they should be because of constipation and the harsh medicines they take to relieve it. If you have come to depend on laxatives, or require them frequently, read every word of this article. The simple truths it sets forth may make a difference to your life!

A deficiency complaint

Constipation is one of the penalties we pay for civilized eating habits. Most natural foods are rich in the cellulose bulk, or "roughage", which keeps food wastes moving regularly through your 30 feet of intestine. A diet of highly-refined foods must result, sooner or later, in *bulk deficiency* — the most common cause of constipation.

The facts about laxatives

Laxatives are not the answer to constipation because they treat the symptom, not the cause. At best, they give a day or so's relief. At worst, they are habit-forming drugs which upset the natural rhythm of digestion and nutrition.

Restoring bulk to the diet

The only way to get your system functioning normally again is to put bulk back into your diet. This need not mean changing your eating habits, or depriving yourself of refined foods. You can provide your system with all the bulk it requires by simply enjoying a whole-bran breakfast cereal every morning. This cereal is All-Bran, prepared by Kellogg's from the vitamin-rich, mineral-rich outer layers of wheat.

A food — not a medicine

All-Bran is not habit-forming because it is a food, not a medicine. Instead of depleting your reserves of energy, it builds up your general health with Vitamin B₁, B₂, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Its nutty flavour and crisp texture are delicious with hot or cold milk, with fruit, with other cereals or in cooking. Why not put All-Bran to the test? Get it from your grocer. Enjoy it every morning for ten days. Drink plenty of water. If you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back!

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

"FAMILY DOCTOR", the British Medical Association magazine, says:

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Purgatives cause constipation by irritating and paralyzing the bowels. This fact was known in A.D. 100 and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since. If you have developed the "laxative" habit, discard it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk — like cereals — in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect.



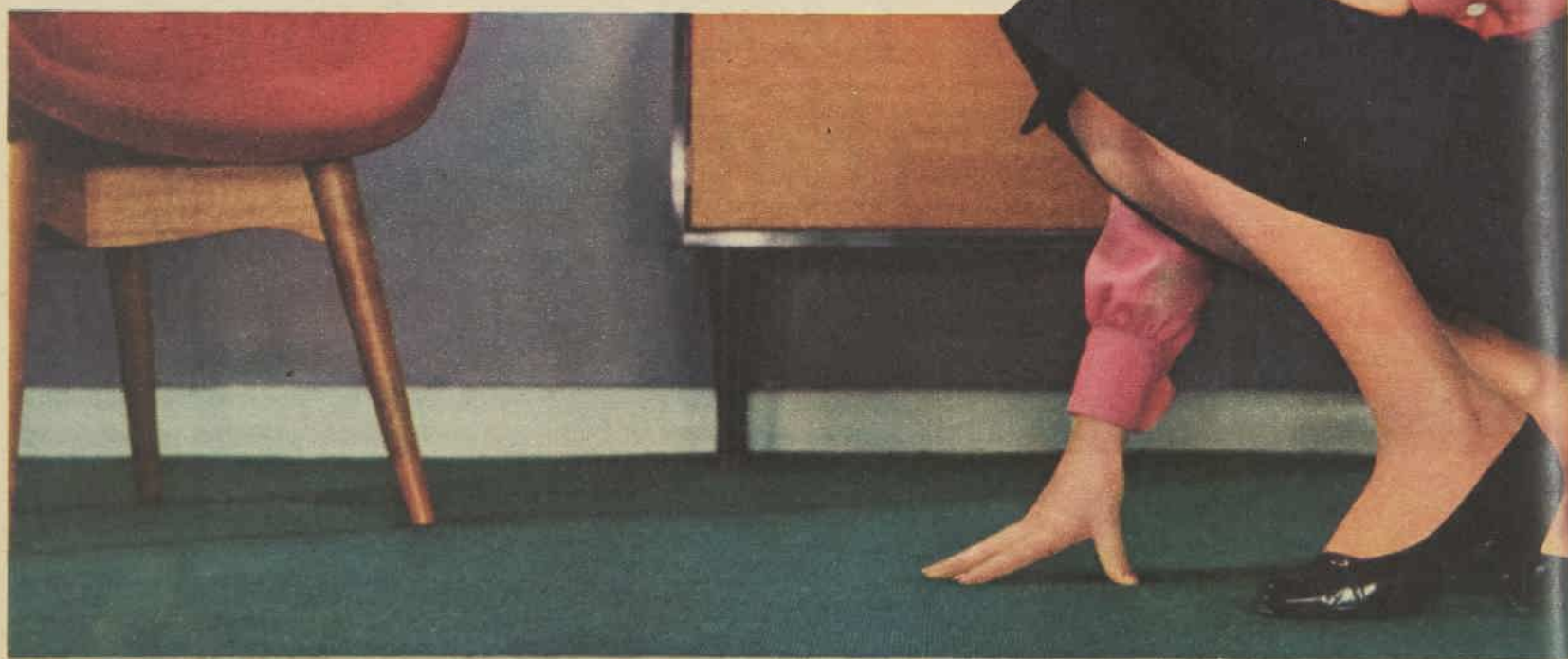
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Ask to see **Westminster** in the carpet department of any leading store

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957

NOVEL TABLE SETTING

UNUSUAL table settings need not be expensive. The effect of a basic tablecloth may be changed to suit many occasions.

Runners made with imagination can work this change, with each runner suited to the immediate occasion.

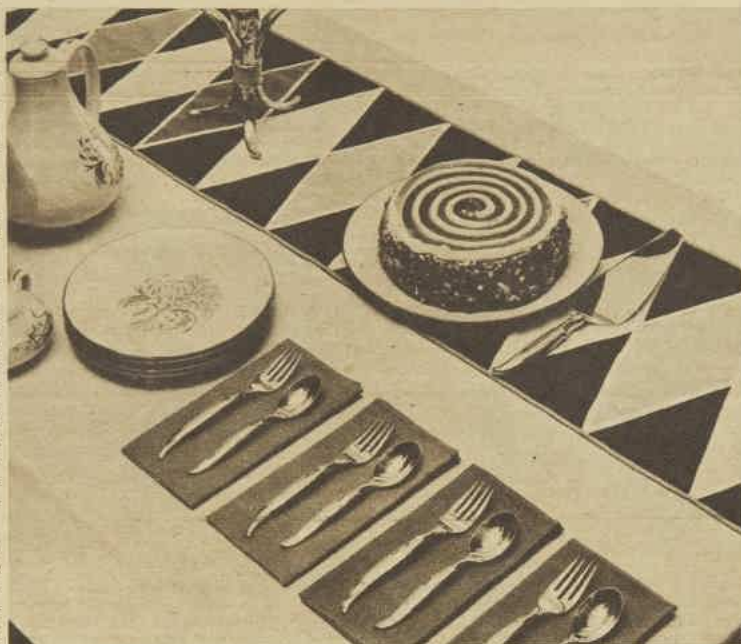
On the table illustrated on this page there is a runner with a harlequin pattern that is ideal for an informal, after-the-movies supper-party at which the menu is cakes and coffee.

A simple tablecloth in light blue is the base; appliqued diamonds of pale blue, pale green, and pale yellow headcloth on a straight strip of black fabric dress up the cloth. Bias tape edges each applique and the runner.

Two yards of 54in. cotton make the basic tablecloth. Select a versatile color and use the sewing-machine to make a narrow hem along the raw edges.

The runner should measure 12in. wide by 2yds. long, or longer if the table requires it. Choose your appliques and sew them on with the sewing-machine. If you have an automatic machine, use the zigzag-stitch to sew on the appliques.

● When it's time for a party, an unusual and attractive table setting is almost as important as the menu. A pretty table can create a party mood, so clever hostesses are careful to select suitably gay accessories for it.



COLORFUL RUNNERS to change the appearance of a basic tablecloth can be made easily. Above is a harlequin-patterned runner suited to an informal supper-party after the movies.

On the runner shown, a single line of widely spaced zigzag-stitching secures the bias tape and appliques to the strip of cloth that forms the runner.

Select the basic tablecloth to combine with as many different color schemes as possible.

If the hostess is giving a christening party, a pale blue tablecloth will look pretty with a pink-and-white runner appliqued with feeding bottles, toys, and similar motifs.

Decorative stitches other than the zigzag will add interest.

Interesting touches to applique work.

To make the appliques, first work out the design on a piece of paper, or use commercial transfers if your skill at drawing is not equal to the challenge. Transfer the sketches to the applique fabric and arrange on the runner for the best effect.

Leave a full inch around the designs when cutting out the appliques. Baste pieces on to the runner, backing each piece with organdie. Then work around the design with a narrow satin-stitch.

Use a small, sharp pair of scissors to trim away excess fabric close to the line of stitching.

With a bit of imagination and a little work at the sewing-machine you can gain the reputation of clever hostess and expert needlewoman.

These runners make excellent gifts, and a mother with several children in the family can sew a special birthday runner for each child to decorate the party table. Each birthday runner can be appliqued with the child's name and replicas of his favorite toys.

Men's parties, too, call for special table-runners decorated with golf, football, or other sports motifs.



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And no wonder! For McIlwraith "designed to stay modern" baths and basins are superbly finished with acid-resisting porcelain enamel on a rugged cast-iron base—the foundation that guarantees the most durable, most beautiful porcelain enamel finish possible. 10 glorious colors to choose from. Our happy couple have added charm and convenience to their ideal bathroom by installing gleaming "Kentex" taps and fittings—another top-grade McIlwraith product. Be discriminating—specify McIlwraith Baths, Basins, and "Kentex" fittings. At all leading Builders' Suppliers. Write for free literature.

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Suddenly to find that your hair is coming out on your comb can give you an unpleasant shock. It also gives you a timely warning you can't ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Do something about it now before the condition becomes serious.

Hair falls out because the roots are being starved of their vital food. That is, why you need Pure Silvikrin urgently. For Pure Silvikrin contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy, vigorous hair. If your comb has given the warning, start using Pure Silvikrin today.

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THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD





Crumpets Supreme: Cook 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Noodle Soup in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water 7 minutes. Cool. Melt 1 oz. Copha in saucepan and lightly fry 1 diced onion. Stir in 3 level tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup milk and prepared soup and stir till boiling. Add 5 or 6 sliced frankfurts and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Reheat and serve on toasted crumpets with grilled bacon.



Taste that chicken — lots of it!



Chicken and Veal Mornay: Cook 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Noodle Soup in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water 7 mins. Melt 1 oz. Copha and mix in 3 level tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup milk and the soup, stir till boiling. Mix in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced, cooked veal. Place in ovenware dish, sprinkle with grated cheese. Brown in mod. oven.



Chicken Croquettes: Cook 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Noodle Soup in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water 7 minutes. Cool. Boil 1 lb. potatoes without adding salt. Drain and mash, using prepared soup. Add cup diced cold meat and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Shape into croquettes on a floured board and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry till golden brown and serve hot with sauce and vegetables, if required. You'll love the difference the chicken makes!



With juicy mushroom pieces

Grilled Steak and Mushroom Sauce: Choose a thick steak and cut 3 parts through at 1" intervals. Grill to taste. Place, cut side up, on dish and trickle Mushroom Sauce between cuts. **Mushroom Sauce:** Blend contents 1 pkt. Continental Mushroom Soup with 2 cups milk. Stir till boiling and simmer 3 minutes, stirring well.



Ragout of Beef and Mushrooms: Cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bladebone steak into cubes and cover well with 3 level tablespoons flour. Fry till well browned in 1 oz. Copha. Add a diced onion and brown lightly. Mix in 1 pkt. Continental Mushroom Soup blended with $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. water and stir till boiling. Add 1 cup sliced carrots and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each sliced parsnips and celery. Cover and simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot with savoury rice or fluffy mashed potatoes.



Vegetables in rich tomato stock

Baked Hamburgers: Cook 1 pkt. Continental Tomato Vegetable Soup in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water 10 mins. Cool. Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon herbs and soup. Shape into cakes, place on greased tray. Bake mod. to hot oven 15-20 mins. Turn once. Serve with toast and sauce or with vegetables.



Velvety puree of peas in beef stock

Tasty Irish Stew: Blend 1 pkt. Continental Pea Soup with 1 pt. water. In a casserole arrange layers of neck chops, thickly sliced carrots, parsnips and onions. Pour soup over these ingredients, cover and bake in a moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove lid and top with sliced potato. Sprinkle with cayenne and bake, without lid, a further 30 minutes.



9 vegetables in rich beef stock

Hot Pot of Rabbit: Prepare and soak 1 rabbit. Cut in serving pieces, dry, roll in flour. Arrange in casserole with layers of carrot and onion. Blend 1 pkt. Continental Thick Vegetable Soup with 1 pt. water, pour in casserole. Top with thick slices potato and onion for a "one-dish" meal. Cover, bake in mod. oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 hrs. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.



Rich, creamy! Taste that chicken!

Chicken and Vegetable Savoury: Melt 1 oz. Copha, blend in 1 tablespoon flour and contents of a packet of Continental Cream of Chicken Soup. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk and stir till boiling. Mix in 2 cups cooked vegetables — for example, corn, peas, carrots. Serve hot with bacon rolls or toast, if required. Great idea for a quick lunch on chilly days or round-the-fireside snacks.

Here's how to give extra flavour to any dish — just pop in **Continental Soup**

BRAND



BETTY KING, Home Economist of World Brands, Box 3680, G.P.O., Sydney

"Add zest to leftovers and bring forth new delicious flavours from all your meat, spaghetti or vegetable dishes."

HERE's an exciting discovery! Soups don't always go into bowls — not now that Continental brand offers fresh home-cooked soups that are so ready and quick to help in all sorts of other ways.

I'm thinking specially of how to dress-up inexpensive cuts and leftovers. Simple! Add Continental brand Soup to the recipe.

It'll lift flavour and add goodness to any dish. Keep an assortment of Continental brand Soups handy to liven up your meals all year round. Recipes on this page give you easy ideas to start on.

Betty King



CS.10.WWFFC

AND 6 OTHER WONDERFUL VARIETIES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957

SWEET USES OF *Pumpkin*

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
our Food and Cookery Expert.

● Pumpkin, a versatile, all-the-year-round vegetable, is usually served with the meat course. For a change, let it play a star role by featuring its flavor in sweet foods.

SELDOM unobtainable or expensive, pumpkin need not always be regarded merely as an extra vegetable. When combined with the flavor of lemon and spices, it can add real interest to the dessert course.

On this page we present some new and different recipes that feature this useful vegetable. Those who relish the flavor of graham can use it, cooked and mashed, instead of pumpkin in these recipes.

All spoon measurements are level.

PUMPKIN BUTTER

One small pumpkin (3 to 3½ lb.), 3 lb. sugar, ½ lb. butter, 3 lemons.

Cut, peel, and remove seeds from pumpkin, cook in boiling salted water or pressure-cooker until soft. Mash until smooth, add butter, sugar, and grated rind and juice of lemons. Bring to boil, simmer 20 to 25 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Pass through fine strainer, bottle and seal as for jam.

MARSHMALLOW DELIGHT

One and a half cups pumpkin butter, 9 slices bread, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ lb. marshmallows, 1 pkt. custard dessert, 1 pint milk.

Brush both sides of bread (crusts removed) with melted butter and form into three-decker sandwiches, using pumpkin butter as the filling. Toast until golden brown, cut into small triangles. Place sandwiches and

DISHES illustrated above are marshmallow delight, golden meringue pie, and pumpkin butter. Make use of the pumpkin butter as a filling for cakes and tarts, as a sauce for steamed puddings, or as a spread on slices of fresh bread and butter.

roughly diced marshmallows in alternate layers in greased ovenproof dish, and pour over hot custard made from cooking the custard dessert and milk according to directions on package. Reheat if necessary in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes before serving.

In place of the pumpkin butter, a sweet mixture can be made by flavoring mashed pumpkin with brown sugar, mixed spice, and lemon juice, according to taste.

PUMPKIN FRUIT PUDDING

Eight ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3oz. margarine, 3oz. brown sugar, 12oz. mixed dried fruits, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ cup milk, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, ½ cup cooked mashed pumpkin, whipped cream, lemon sauce or custard, glace cherries.

Sift flour, nutmeg, and spice into a basin, rub in margarine and mix in sugar and fruit. Dissolve bicarbonate soda in milk, and add to basin with vinegar and pumpkin. Mix lightly but thoroughly. Pour into greased pudding-bowl, cover with greased paper, and steam 2 to 2½ hours. Turn out and serve with whipped cream and lemon sauce, or custard, as desired. Decorate with glace cherries.

PUMPKIN SCONES

Two ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup mashed cooked pumpkin, 1 egg, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup milk, extra flour, egg or milk glazing.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar and lemon rind, add pumpkin and beat well. Add egg, mix thoroughly, fold in sifted flour, salt, and spice. Add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly and press out to ¾ in. thickness. Cut into shapes with floured knife or cutter, place on greased tray and brush with egg or milk. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

GOLDEN MERINGUE PIE

One eight-inch crumb pastry-case, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour (both blended smoothly with a little extra water), 2 egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup mashed cooked pumpkin, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar, water, lemon juice and rind in saucepan. When nearly boiling, stir in blended cornflour and flour. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Fold in butter and then egg-yolks beaten with milk. Add pumpkin and spices, fill into crumb-case, allow to become quite cold. Prepare meringue: Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla. Pile around top of tart. Place in slow oven to set and lightly brown meringue.

Crumb Pastry-case: Crush ½ lb. plain sweet biscuits finely and mix with 3 tablespoons melted margarine or butter. Press into a greased 8 in. pie-plate, and chill in refrigerator until firm.

PUMPKIN ICE-CREAM

Two cups mashed cooked pumpkin, 2 eggs, ½ cup brown sugar, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cream, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each ginger and nutmeg.

Mix together all ingredients and beat well. Turn into ice-cream trays and freeze until mushy. Place in chilled bowl, beat well until foamy. Return to trays and freeze firm, stirring a few times to assure creaminess without crystals.

DELICIOUS pumpkin scones (at left), a great favorite in grandma's day, are often neglected by the modern housewife. Spicy - flavored fruit pudding (above) can be packed into a greased loaf-tin, baked 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven, and served instead as a luncheon cake.



Overseas recipe wins £5 prize

● An interesting recipe sent by a reader in France wins the £5 prize this week. It is a unique dish which combines many delicious meat and vegetable flavors.

THE prizewinning dish, La Cucido (more commonly known as Portuguese hot-pot), is a meal in itself.

The various meat and vegetable ingredients are cooked together and produce an unusual yet distinctive flavor. The dish is served with Portuguese rice and savory peas.

The quantities given are sufficient for 5 persons. All spoon measurements are level.

LA CUCIDO

Meat Cucido: One pound stewing steak, ½ lb. bacon, 2 lb. chicken pieces, 1 lb. chump chops, 5 pints water, salt and pepper to taste, 1 bay-leaf, 1 clove garlic, 2 onions each stuck with 2 cloves, 2

carrots, 1 small cabbage, ½ lb. tomatoes, ½ lb. sliced salami.

Savory Peas: Quarter pound dried peas soaked overnight with pinch bicarbonate of soda, 1 small onion, sprig sage or a pinch dried herbs.

Portuguese Rice: Three tablespoons olive oil or butter, 1 onion, 2 chopped shallots, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup rice, 2½ cups cucido liquid, 1 tablespoon concentrated tomato paste, 1 tablespoon paprika.

Slice steak into service-sized pieces into a large saucepan with bacon rashers (cut in halves), chicken pieces, and chops, cover with water, add salt and pepper. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer for 2 hours, skim fat from top occasionally. Add bay-leaf, chopped garlic, clove-stuck onions, and carrots cut into quarters. Carefully tie string around cabbage to keep outer leaves intact; add to saucepan with thickly sliced tomatoes and salami; simmer until all vegetables are tender.

Rinse and drain peas, place in saucepan of cold salted water, add sliced onion or crushed garlic, and herbs, cover with tightly fitting lid, bring to the boil, simmer until peas are tender. (Time will depend on quality of peas.)

Prepare rice: Heat oil or butter in pan, add finely chopped onion, shallots, and garlic, cook until lightly



LA CUCIDO, with its whole cabbage centre-piece, makes an attractive and colorful dish. See recipe this page.

FAMILY DISH

A MEAT-ROLL coated with creamed potato or fluffy rice makes this week's family dish. It cost 7/9 and serves five or six.

SNOW-CAPPED MEAT-ROLL

One pound minced steak, ½ lb. sausage meat, ½ lb. veal steak, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 small grated carrot, 1 egg, 1 lb. potatoes, cooked and creamed with 1 tablespoon butter and milk and flavored with salt, pepper, and ½ cup finely diced celery.

Combine minced steak, sausage meat, minced veal steak, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, parsley, and carrot. Bind with beaten egg, mixing thoroughly. Shape into a long roll, place in loaf-tin (well greased), and bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Remove from tin, coat top with creamed potato, and return to oven to re-heat. Serve sliced with hot tomato sauce.

Note: Rice may be substituted for the potato covering if desired. Cook ½ cup washed rice in 1½ cups boiling salted water until tender. Rinse with hot water to separate grains.

Curing thumb-sucking

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A BABY who has never sucked his thumb in the first months of life sometimes develops the habit during the weaning period. From his earliest days, sucking has been associated with food, satisfaction, and contentment.

A too-rapid weaning will deprive the baby of the satisfaction of suckling and is often the cause of thumb-sucking at this time.

In the early days thumb-sucking may be a sign of either underfeeding or overfeeding. If the habit has not become ingrained and the feeding is adjusted, the habit will soon cease. Babies who get their food too quickly and therefore don't get sufficient satisfaction from suckling will often resort also to thumb-sucking.

Once the habit is firmly established it is most difficult to break. The best method of treatment is to ignore the thumb-sucking and treat the cause of the habit. As the baby gets more distractions and more interests outside himself he will eventually grow out of the habit.

A leaflet describing some early nervous habits and their causes can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

THE GOOD OIL

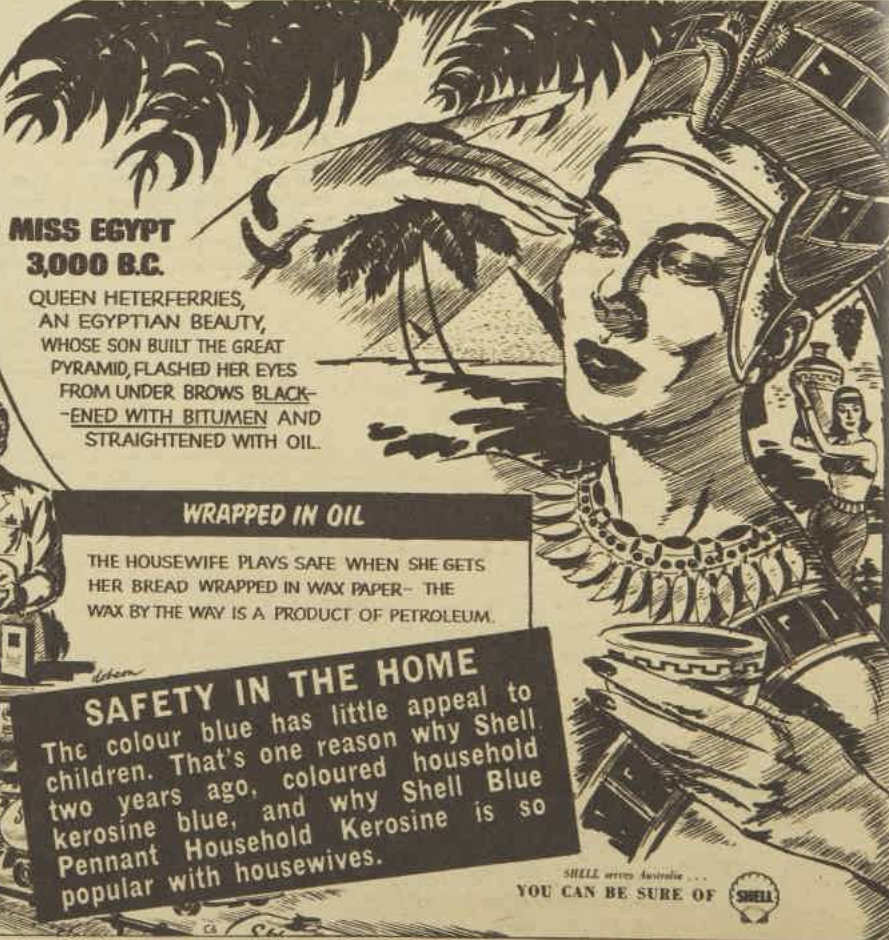


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**Gleaming more manageable hair
with only one lather**

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Sunsilk SHAMPOO

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Bottle 1/3;
big money-saving bottle 5/6;
smaller bottle 3/9.

New Film Releases

★★ SILK STOCKINGS

M.G.M. musical, with Cyd Charisse, Fred Astaire, Janis Paige. In Metrocolor CinemaScope. Liberty, Sydney.

BASED on the Garbo film "Ninotchka," this musical satire pokes fun at some Russians who are sent to Paris and don't want to go home.

First is the great composer (Wim Sonneveld) who lingers on while American film producer Astaire woos him to work on his new film. Three envoys are sent to bring him home, but supplied with girls, champagne, and cigars by Astaire they become equally loath to leave.

As the three straying envoys, Peter Lorre, Jules Munchin, and Joseph Baloff play their parts on the broadest, funniest lines, and obviously enjoy themselves.

Cyd Charisse does a very nice job as the trusted Soviet official sent to straighten out the erring comrades, and who learns from Astaire that love is more than a chemical reaction.

Peppy star of Broadway's "Pajama Game" Janis Paige, as the star of Astaire's film, makes a wonderful burlesque Hollywood glamor queen.

Astaire himself, seemingly indestructible, is still the most deft and polished dancing lead of them all.

The music, clever rather than catchy, is notable for including Cole Porter's first rock-'n'-roll composition. Mountings and the Helen Rose costumes are a pleasure.

In a word: **ENTERTAINS.**

★ AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY

Rank Organisation comedy, with Diana Dors, Donald Sinden, Jean Carson. In Technicolor VistaVision. Lyceum, Sydney.

THIS attempt to film a farce about a young man (Sinden) who is landed with a baby alligator and can't get rid of it breaks down into utter confusion almost before it gets going.

It has too many characters, over-decorated sets, and cannot make up its mind if it is a musical or a farce. The result is chaotic.

Barely a spark of life animates the sullen features of Diana Dors as Sinden's wealthy, alligator-hating fiancée. This is a pity, because for all her unfortunate taste in publicity the Dors can be surprisingly effective when given the right direction.

Once hailed as the singing-dancing find of British films, red-headed Jean Carson introduces a fresh, puckish personality as the girl who works at the Children's Zoo and understands alligators.

Stanley Holloway, as an aged ex-Indian Army general lost in the endless corridors of the country mansion of Diana's tycoon father, supplies some of the film's most pleasing moments.

In a word: **CONFUSION.**

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★ PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1

R.K.O. comedy, with Red Skelton, Vivian Blaine, Janet Blair. In Technicolor R.K.O.-Scope. Palace, Sydney.

IN this film Red Skelton plays a dim-witted lunch-room attendant who gets mixed-up with some big-time stock swindlers.

He unwittingly becomes courier for the crooks, who convince him that they are secret FBI agents, and Skelton winds up in prison, still silent because of his "FBI oath of secrecy."

Then follows the only really funny part of the picture. Everyone from the warden to the guards is striving to help the very dumb "pigeon" to escape, so that he can lead the police to the gang.

Within the limitations of poor script and production, all concerned put in a fair performance.

Vivian Blaine, as the gang's night-club moll, plays her part, and sings a couple of songs, a la "Guys and Dolls."

Janet Blair is Skelton's long-suffering girl-friend.

Red Skelton is his usual self—strictly for the fans.

In a word: **SLAPSTICK.**

★ THE RAINMAKER

Paramount drama, with Katharine Hepburn, Burt Lancaster. In Technicolor VistaVision. Prince Edward, Sydney.

IF any further example were needed that what might be a good stage play doesn't necessarily make a successful film, this is it.

The stars are burdened with some virtually unspeakable dialogue, and the somewhat arty story of a charlatan rain-maker who blunders into an explosive family situation and saves the daughter from being an old maid becomes ludicrous on the screen.

Katharine Hepburn, at her most determinedly unattractive, is no help, and the introduction of some hillbilly-style comedy is artistically inexcusable.

Burt Lancaster, as the spell-binding so-called rain-maker, is the big surprise. His vivid, telling performance is outstanding.

On a different level, young Earl Holliman as the inarticulate adolescent of the farm family (though a little larger than life) walks away with secondary honors.

In a word: **DISAPPOINTS.**

AFTER her successful appearance in "Something of Value," Dana Wynter has been signed to play the leading role in "Fraulein." May Britt was scheduled to play this role but has been switched to "The Young Lions."

F4627.—Spring dress and matching jacket ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4511.—Slender-line sheath dress finished with a white pique accent. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4267.—Smart, front-buttoned coat-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4551.—Waltz-length negligee styled with soft floating lines and a lace trimming. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 6yds. 1in. lace. Price 4/6.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN
F3865.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's one-piece dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 2 yds. 36in. material and ¾yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 2/6.

F4091.—Prettily styled waltz-length nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, and ½yd. 36in. net. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 523.—ONE-PIECE DRESS
Pretty summer dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in British floral cotton. The color choice includes aqua and rose, pink and blue, green and mauve, and lemon and coral, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 47/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 49/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 524.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS
One-piece dress with an unusual white bodice trim is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is check gingham, and the color choice includes blue and white, pink and white, red and white, and green and white. The bodice trim is white pique. Sizes: 18in. for 2 years, 26/3; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 27/9; 22in. for 5 to 6 years, 28/6; 24in. for 7 to 8 years, 29/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 525.—CUSHION COVER
The cover is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a Mexican motif. The material and color choice includes British headcloth in white, lemon blue, pink, and green. Size 18 x 18in. Price, 5/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 526.—SEPARATE SKIRT
American-style skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes black, mint-blue, lipstick-pink, coral, and red. Sizes: 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist, 36/9. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 527.—SET OF THREE D'OYLEYS
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a flower motif. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. The lace edging is not supplied. Size: 11in. by 5in. Price 1/3 each. Postage 4d. extra. Set of three, 3/8. Postage 3d. each.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

Headaches go . . .

DISPRIN DISSOLVES . . .

Because Disprin really dissolves (and does not merely break up), it is easier for your system to absorb. Disprin passes quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. Its pain-relieving action is rapid and thorough.

FAR LESS ACID . . .

Because Disprin is substantially non-acid, as well as

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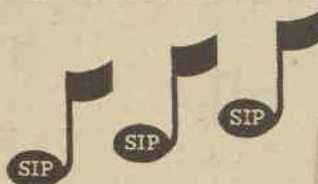
PLEASANT . . . easy to take
Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



D1/54

DISPRIN Regd.
dissolves pain
quickly and safely



The fastest
way to sweep
a cold out
of your
system . . .

Bonnington's
Irish Moss

3/6 everywhere!



SOOTHE SORE FEET

A-ah! Good to get off those shoes. Now smooth on cool, soothing Vaseline Petroleum Jelly.

At all chemists and stores. Economy size 3/11. Standard size 2/6.

"Vaseline" is a registered trademark of Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.

to partner
a jelly ...



or
pep-up
a pie ...



the
cream
of
them all
... is
the cream you
must buy ...

NESTLÉ'S

..... here's why

Nestlé's cream is the right size, right amount for everyday desserts, right for special party tricks. It's thicker, richer, creamier—penny for penny, any housewife's best buy. Two tins now? Right!



NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM

*in the right-sized serving

C. 118. HPC

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is aboard a strange spaceship with PRINCESS NARDA: Winner of the Earth-wide beauty contest. Also on the ship are two weird-looking little men. Speaking to them by means of a communicating outfit that automatically translates their languages, Mandrake

learns that Narda is to enter an interplanetary contest to choose the most beautiful woman in the galaxy. She, with 10 million other women, the most beautiful of their planets, will be judged by a machine. Magnon, emperor of a million planets, is organising the contest. NOW READ ON.

AS THE GREAT SHIP WHIZZES THROUGH SPACE, STOPPING BRIEFLY AT PLANETS TO PICK UP BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS—

WHAT PLANET IS THAT? MARS —OR VENUS?

NEITHER NARDA, WE LEFT YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM HOURS AGO. THIS PLANET IS NEAR THE STAR ALPHA CENTAURUS.

MANDRAKE, I'M DIZZY! THE EMPEROR OF A MILLION PLANETS—HAVING A BEAUTY CONTEST—TO PICK THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FEMALE IN THE GALAXY. IS THIS REAL?

IT'S—FANTASTIC! TELL US ABOUT THE EMPEROR.

MAGNON, EMPEROR OF A MILLION PLANETS, THE THOUSANDTH GENERATION OF HIS FAMILY TO RULE, IS A MAN LIKE YOURSELF.

"HIS HOME PLANET, MAGNA, IS THE MOST POWERFUL AND ADVANCED OF ALL. HIS PEOPLE LIVE IN YOUTH AND BEAUTY FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!"

NOW I'M DIZZY! YOU SAID THERE WAS ONE THING MAGNON CANNOT DO, WHAT?

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET—BUT ALL KNOW IT: HE CANNOT WIN THE HEART OF THE WOMAN HE LOVES.

AT LAST SOME THING MAKES SENSE!

TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

MY DEAR, YOUR DAUGHTER IS GOING OUT WITH TOO MANY BOYS.

WHY DON'T YOU GET HER TO CONCENTRATE ON ONE?

AND WHO'LL CUT MY LAWN?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1957

I'm Blar Travaire...



As TAA's Women's Travel Adviser, my purpose is to tell you all about air-travel from the woman's point of view. For example, I can help you plan your next holiday, advise you where to stay and what to wear. If you are elderly, or a mother with young children, you are especially invited to write to me, care of the TAA office in your capital city.

TAA
Women's Travel Adviser



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy **FORD PILLS**
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 6/-
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS



15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give YOUR hair new
silky loveliness and
save pounds on your
hair-do's.
Get a tube of con-
centrated **Curlypet**—
squeeze **Curlypet** into
a pint milk bottle of
warm water—shake till
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset
lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated
Curlypet for 4/10 from
your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
CN4

THE BEST COOKS



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 7, 1957

TEENA *lilla Terry*



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- There is not a big soil in binding agree-ments (11).
- Instruct to supply goods in a sequence (5).
- Defeats teachers (7).
- They follow a healing, but often boring, profession (8).
- Magnesium silicate could be taken for a badly spelt chat (4).
- Two sailors make a person more than one's match (6).
- Scribble and mostly creep (6).
- Such a person has no tailor's bill (4).
- English port with a turn on an outfall of a river (8).
- Just suppose (7).
- Boredom here as well as in France (5).
- Set phrases contain speedy electrically charged particles (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Long established of stale
repute (2, 3, 8).
- Microbe in not quite all
month of the French republic-
an calendar (8).
- Atom to a salad fruit (6).
- Expel to us (4).
- Musically speaking his bride
was bartered (7).
- Not seats for people like
5 down but a parlor game
(7, 6).
- Tent lodger in a steamer
runs rapidly (8).
- A tirade. (Anagr. 7).
- Rob the woolly covering of
a sheep (6).
- Flexible which is visible in
glimpses (4).

No brush can clean
around this dangerous
HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous
germs which lurk and breed
round the hidden "S" bend.



Keep your toilet clean and bright
with a little HARPIC every night



HARPIC disinfects and
deodorises—as it cleans

NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.



HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

Successful men use
SPHINX
HANDKERCHIEFS

because they want the best—Sphinx finest Egyptian
cotton handkerchiefs with guaranteed fast colours.
Individually cellophane wrapped.



SPHINX—coloured borders, self colours; white satin striped, 3/3; plain white
hemstitched, 2/10; individually initialled, 3/9; gift boxes of three for 9/9; gift boxes
of six for 19/6. CAIRO—for men, colours only, 2/11. BEAL—for ladies, colours
only, 1/11.

SPHINX

men's handkerchiefs are made by:
Commonwealth Handkerchief Co. Ltd.
6145 Westworth Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. MA3967

Choose your
LAXATIVE
wisely

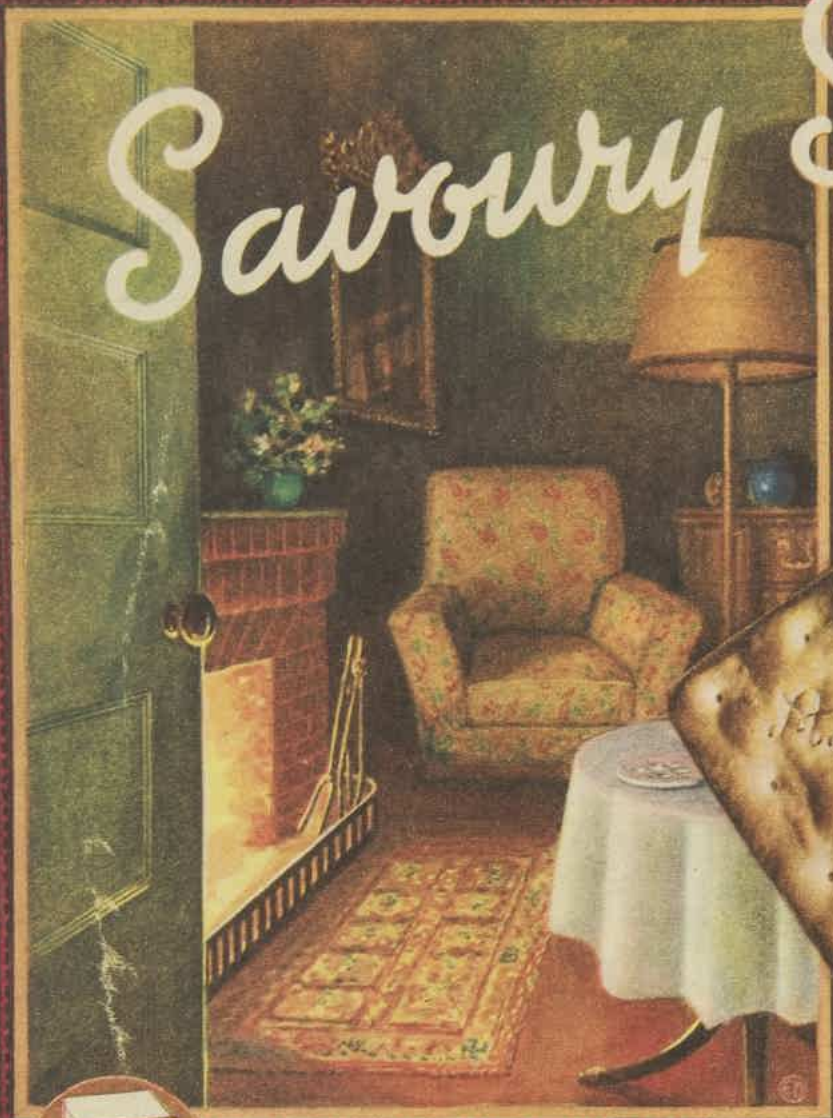
As Mrs. Baxter does...
I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I
take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to
be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak.
Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures
a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food
properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and
vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve consti-
pation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE *pills*

Page 71

Savoury Suppers



Only
Arnott's
make
Sao (Regd.)
Biscuits



At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS."
Grate a little cheese over them, and then sprinkle with
pepper.
One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

There is no Substitute for Quality.